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THE PRIVATE HISTORY

OF

A POLISH INSURRECTION.

FROM OFFICIAL AND UNOFFICIAL SOURCES.

BY

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS

LATE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF 'THE TIMES' IN POLAND.

'Remember, I pray thee, whoever perished being innocent, or where were the righteous cut off.'—ELIPHAZ *the Temanite.*

'I have heard many such things.....I also could speak as ye do. If your soul were in my soul's stead I could heap up words against you and shake mine head at you. But I would strengthen you with my mouth, and my words should assuage your grief.'—JOB.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE PRIVATE HISTORY

OF

A POLISH INSURRECTION.

CHAPTER I.

CRACOW: MARCH, 1863.

NEVER since the coronation of the last Polish king, who was crowned in this once royal city, has Cracow been so full as it is now. Instead of the deserted look which it generally presents, all the principal streets are as crowded as those of London on a general holiday. The hotels are 'crammed to suffocation,' as theatrical managers say, and visitors in search of rooms have to inscribe their names on the books, and to wait an indefinite time for their turn to be admitted. Numbers of

young men leave Cracow every day, or rather every night, on business which is evidently of a very urgent nature; but there still remains an immense surplus population for which no accommodation can be provided, and which somehow or other contrives not to sleep in the streets. The Austrian police create vacancies in the hotels from time to time by their system of midnight arrests; otherwise new comers would really have no chance of getting a decent room in Cracow, for those who take their departure of their own accord name their successors before leaving.

This unprecedented influx of visitors is not to be attributed to the break-up of Langiewicz's army alone, but is caused by the general state of things in Russian Poland. Thus some 1,500 proprietors from the kingdom, with their families, have taken refuge here. When Langiewicz was close to the frontier, Cracow was quite as full as it is now; many of the insurgents kept on their rooms at their hotels, and after a good day's fighting in the kingdom of Poland came back to Cracow to supper, telling the waiter, when they went to bed, to call them the first

thing in the morning that they might be in time for an early battle.

The Austrian Government certainly endeavours to prevent insurgents from passing hence into the kingdom, and Austria will not be in the least to blame if several new bands make their appearance in a few days on the other side of the frontier. Most of the hotels in Cracow have been visited by the police during the past week, and in these cases it is generally thought necessary to arrest some one. If, however, the Austrians were to carry off 1,000 men, or even 10,000, they would not prevent the insurrection from spreading. The upper classes (who are naturally a little sensitive on the subject of confiscation) are now joining in the movement more and more every day, while the working men are as eager to fight as ever. What the Poles want is not soldiers but arms, or money to enable them to make arms, which is said to be cheaper than to import them through Austria, and have four cases out of every five seized. Austria is friendly to the insurrection to a certain extent. She is willing enough to keep up a slow fire in Poland, so as to

consume a certain number of Poles and Russians for the benefit of Germany, but does not wish to see the whole country in flames, knowing well enough that sooner or later they would spread to Galicia. About a month ago, when Langiewicz was near the frontier, it was remarked by the railway officials that an immense number of 'candles for churches' were being received. They were apparently altar candles, for they were as long as Minié rifles, and in a single week enough had been sent for furnishing all the sixty-five churches of Cracow with a dozen each. The director of the railway is said to have applied to Vienna to know what he was to do; whether he was to examine the cases of 'candles for the Church,' or to let them pass. The reply sent to him was that no objection whatever could be made to the importation of 'candles for the Church,' and that only firearms and ammunition were prohibited. The director had manifested *trop de zèle*, and 'candles for the Church' continued for some time to be delivered in Cracow without being profaned by the inspection of either Custom-house officers or police.

At present every suspicious-looking case or packet that arrives, whether from Breslau or from Vienna, is opened, and the contents carefully examined; and the police have during the last few days entered several private houses to search for arms. However, by far the greater portion of the weapons carried by Langiewicz's troops were not brought back to Galicia at all. They were left in places of safety in the kingdom. At this moment hundreds of them lie buried in the ground, but they will soon rise again. Out of the eight or nine hundred insurgents who fell into the hands of the Austrian police only eighty carried firearms —of various kinds. Scarcely one rifle was lost, and the insurgents even brought in their artillery such as it was. It consisted of two pieces which as they had been borrowed from an old Polish castle, may have possessed some archæological value, but could have been of no utility in the field.

There is no use to explain what for the present is inexplicable. I have no doubt but that at an immense distance from the scene of action many persons know why Langiewicz quitted his army

secretly, without addressing a word of farewell to his troops except in the 'Order of the Day' which he left behind. The Russian account has the advantage of being simple, but the disadvantage of being false. The Imperial troops are said to have 'issued from Pinczow, beaten the insurgents at Busk, and driven them across the frontier;' but we are not told how the insurgents got to Busk (to which place they followed the Russians after beating them at Zaposcie, near Chroberz); nor, why, if they were put to flight at the last great battle, it took them nearly four days to run to the frontier, when they could have crawled there in two. I have spoken to Poles, Hungarians, and Frenchmen who were present at Langiewicz's last battles—officers, privates, and military surgeons—and their accounts all tally and are perfectly intelligible up to the night of the 18th, when the council was held at which it was resolved to change the character of the war and break up the army into detachments. Here the enigma begins for which two or three solutions are offered, but which the best informed persons declare themselves unable to solve. Some few are

not ashamed to accuse Langiewicz of perfidy—a favourite charge in Poland, which, at some time or other, has been brought against almost every great man the country has produced. His friends and admirers, who are not numerous now that the clouds have gathered about him, content themselves with saying that appearances are against him, but that they have the most implicit faith in his patriotism and honour. It is difficult to understand how he can ever account for the capital error he committed in abandoning his army, and all persons are agreed that it was a mistake to form a corps of nearly 4,000 men, on account of the impossibility of victualling it, except from the Austrian frontier, which since the 15th of March had been closed. Langiewicz, however, may be excused for not having foreseen that his supplies would be stopped just as he was beginning to march into the interior; and finding himself with very little ammunition, and almost without food, he had really no course open to him but to divide his force into detachments not too numerous to be able to subsist on what they could get from the villages.

It may also have been a good idea for Langiewicz to quit the scene of his recent operations in all haste, and suddenly make his appearance in the province of Lublin. This would have confused the Russians and created a powerful diversion in favour of the troops he had just left; for it had become evident that the great object of the Imperial government was to seize the Dictator, or at least destroy his *prestige*, and that wherever he went he would be followed by a powerful foe.

But why disappear in the night without addressing the army—a step which was sure to produce a feeling of discouragement among all, except the few who were in the secret of the Dictator's plans? The reply is that for the plan to succeed it was essential that the Russians should have no suspicion of its existence, and, therefore, that it should not be talked about in an army composed of some 3,500 men. The Russians were suddenly to have been struck with amazement by the news that Langiewicz had issued a proclamation calling the whole population of Lublin to arms, and that he had already taken the command of a formidable body of insurgents in that pro-

vince. The plan was so nearly being executed that Langiewicz (thanks to a false passport) succeeded in satisfying the authorities at the frontier of Galicia, and was allowed to proceed on his way to Tarnow, when some Austrian gendarmes, whose suspicions had been raised, seized him and conducted him to that town in custody; otherwise he had horses waiting for him at Tarnow, and relays at all the stations on the road from Tarnow to Janow, in the Lublin country.

Even up to this point there is nothing strange in Langiewicz's conduct, if we once admit that he did right in quitting his army without assembling the troops and addressing them by word of mouth. He should either have done this or, better still, should have sent off the detachments to their various destinations before quitting the camp. The best proof that this latter was the proper plan to adopt is, that it was tried on a small scale and succeeded. The two detachments of some six or seven hundred men each, which held their ground in the mountains of St. Cross while the rest of Langiewicz's army was retiring to Galicia, received their orders to march from the Dictator

himself, and did not even know that he was in a difficult position. Bodies of a few hundred men can get food from the villages at fair prices, whereas an army of 3,500, or even of a far smaller number, shut out from all the towns, must cause a famine in the thinly populated country wherever it appears.

When, however, we come to the departure of the superior officers who accompanied or followed Langiewicz, a real mystery begins. As far as I can judge from accounts given to me, by persons entitled to speak with authority, the council of war was not creditable to those who took part in it—not even to Langiewicz himself, who ought to have insisted on his orders being obeyed. It is said that, having resolved to break up the army into detachments, he appointed certain officers to commands, which they refused to accept; and that finding he was determined to leave the camp with the view of proceeding to Lublin, they declared they would follow him. Another account is that they did not follow the general until, his departure having been made known, the army, already sadly in want of ammunition and food, became

demoralised, and could no longer be kept together.

The most popular version of the misunderstanding of the council of war is, that it was caused by the intrigues of some partisans of Mieroslawski. I believe that this is to some extent true; but everything that goes wrong is now laid to the charge of Mieroslawski. Indeed, the Russian revolutionary party disavowed him, and told him, through M. Bakounin, that they knew him not to be the man chosen by the Poles before the insurrection broke out. The Poles, or at least the great mass of the Polish nobility, regard him with aversion and alarm, believing that his personal assistance would be as fatal to Poland as that of Mazzini would probably be to Italy.

Finally, the Central Committee, in the fourteenth number of its organ, called *Ruch* (the 'Movement'), after publishing the proclamation of General Langiewicz on assuming the dictatorship, announced that it resigned its provisional power into his hands, and called upon the whole nation to obey him. Consequently, the assertion of Mieroslawski, that he was the chosen one of the Central

Committee, is erroneous. If we accept his statement, that he was appointed Dictator on certain conditions, we can only conclude that those conditions were not fulfilled. The conditions were that he should distinguish himself by some brilliant feat of arms, calculated to inspire the nation with confidence, before the 10th of March.

On the 11th of March, Langiewicz having proved himself the best man out, and Mieroslawski having done nothing, the former was called upon to proclaim himself Dictator. He did so, and his dictatorship was at once accepted by the whole nation, and had the effect of uniting the Red party, who might have tolerated Mieroslawski if they could have obtained no one else; and the White party, who would no more have accepted his leadership than the educated classes in England could accept that of a Cuffy, or a Feargus O'Connor. The existence and gradual extension of the insurrection sufficed to unite the two parties, which had been separated only by a difference of opinion as to the advisability of resorting to arms; and the expression of this union was the dictatorship of Langiewicz. From that moment

there was an end to the counteracting influences of White Committees and Red Committees. Whites and Reds were agreed as to endowing the peasants and indemnifying the proprietors; and since the insurrection was already a fact, the Whites could not allow the Reds to fight out the battle by themselves. The struggle has now become a thoroughly national one, though Mieroslawski has done his best to make people believe the contrary by coolly setting up himself, supported by himself, against Langiewicz, who was supported by all Poland.

Hitherto I believe Rochebrun is the only leader who has had any foreigners under his command, unless Czachowski's (not Langiewicz's) female aide-de-camp, Mademoiselle Pustovoytova, who is the daughter of a Russian colonel, is to be regarded as such. Among the Polish Zouaves there were three or four Frenchmen, three or four Italians, and a couple of Hungarians. What has become of them I don't know, except that one of the Hungarians, who, with sixty men, had to defend a pass at Grochowitza, through which the Russians could have got to the rear of the Polish position,

fell, after holding his ground until nearly the end of the battle. Out of the sixty men about ten are said to have come out of action untouched.

As for Rochebrun himself, though constantly exposed, he has not yet had his skin grazed by lead or steel. When he returned to Cracow the other day, after the council of war at which it had been decided to break up the army of Langiewicz into small detachments, it was observed that he limped, and a report was spread that, like Garibaldi, he had been wounded in the foot. He was only suffering however from a sprained ankle, caused by a fall from his horse at Grochowitza. At the very beginning of the action, as he was leading the vanguard, composed of Zouaves, Chasseurs, and Kossynieri, against a numerous body of Russians who had taken up their position in a wood and were keeping up a most destructive fire, Rochebrun suddenly dropped from his horse as if shot. His surgeon, who was by his side, picked him up, and found that he had not been touched, but was completely exhausted. He had not had a moment's rest since the morning of the previous day. In a few seconds, however, he was in his saddle again.

The excitement of the battle revived him, and all his énergy and enthusiasm were required to urge on the troops, who hesitated for a time before the deadly fire to which they were exposed, and which they could not return with any effect, though ultimately they replied to it by entering the wood at the point of the scythe and bayonet and driving the Russians out.

Rochebrun did not serve in the Crimea, as has been stated in some of his memoirs. He took part in the Italian campaign and in the expedition to China; after which he left the French army and accepted an engagement as governor in a Polish family at Cracow. He had only lived five months, however, in Cracow, where his intelligence, liveliness, and good humour soon gained him a host of friends, when the insurrection broke out. The temptation was, of course, too great for the soldier turned pedagogue to withstand. When the young men of Cracow began to arm, and were seen walking about the streets with rifles on their shoulders, Rochebrun, the 'governor' of little boys, threw away his books, and was once more Rochebrun, the commander of the Zouaves.

He continued to teach French, however, in so far that he taught the young Poles how French soldiers were in the habit of conversing with their enemies.

Used not Bouffé to play the part of a retired ballet-dancer who, though he has become the mayor of a village, cannot resist the impulse he feels, as soon as his ancient choregraphic passion is awakened, to burst into an operatic *pas*? Did not Liszt, the pianist, think he had tamed a Hungarian gipsy; and find, nevertheless, after he had had him a dozen years in his house, and had taught him to wear shirts, cravats, and cloth clothes, that nothing could prevent him from joining the very first gipsy tribe he met with? So the voice of Rochebrun's nature spoke when the rifles were brought out at Cracow, and firing was heard on the frontiers of Galicia.

Looking at the photographs of the most distinguished of the insurgents who have been killed in battle, it is astonishing how many of them are very young men, and lamentable to reflect that in a war in which personal heroism plays so large a part, and in which, as a rule, every man acts for

himself, 'those who think more of attacking the enemy than of sheltering themselves are sure to fall the first. Ségur says of the Poles who served in the army of 1812, that they engaged very lightly to do exceedingly difficult things, but that they kept their word; and so, in the present day, you may hear insurgents of eighteen and nineteen boast that they will be the first of their detachment to touch the Russians; and, indeed, when the time comes they throw themselves upon them at any odds.

As regards the officers, I am told that it is absolutely necessary they should distinguish themselves in some brilliant manner, in order to justify their appointment and cause their authority to be fully recognised by the rank and file, who in many cases know as much and as little about the art of war as their leaders. Rochebrun owes entirely his reputation and his present high position to his great unexampled personal daring. His former pupil, the son of Count Moszynski, a Siberian exile of the year 1825, who since that time has suffered personally and through his family by every calamity which has fallen upon Poland, had

laid the foundation of a similar renown when he was mortally wounded at the head of his company inside Miechow. It was strange that he should be there fighting under the orders of a French man who had come to Cracow for no other purpose than that of directing his studies, and it would appear strange in the extreme to English parents—not accustomed, like the Poles, to look forward to a violent death as the probable end of any one of their children—to hear the father speak with admiration of the preceptor, and refer with more pride than pain to the fate of his young son.

Another chief of insurgents whose portrait is in every shop window, is Boreisza, who was killed in battle at an age when in England he might have been just thinking of entering a military school. He looks, in his picturesque Polish costume, more as if he were going to a fancy dress ball than to a war against savages,* and has rather the face of

* I have a much higher opinion of the Russians as a nation than is entertained by most Englishmen. Nevertheless, the Russian soldiers behaved like savages during the Polish Insurrection, especially at the beginning. The regiments stationed in Warsaw had been much irritated by

a timid, or at least a gentle young girl, than of the intrepid warrior which he proved himself to be in presence of the enemy.

The hospital surgeons say that the young men who are lying wounded are so eager to get back to their detachments that their minds are never at peace, and that their restoration to health is delayed in consequence. I can understand this from the painful anxiety with which many of

the manifestations of the two preceding years, during which, in spite of occasional outbursts, they had been kept strictly within bounds. At the last moment they were let loose, and were even deliberately excited by official publications against the Polish insurgents, to whom, if left to themselves, they would have shown no mercy. Those officers who endeavoured to restrain them could not get their authority respected, and it was only by threatening their own men with the revolver that they in some instances succeeded in saving the prisoners from being massacred. In the case of Count Poletyllo and his friends (related in the Correspondence, &c. laid before Parliament, p. 49) no such attempt was made. In the case of L. Finkenstin and four Polish prisoners (referred to in Correspondence, &c. p. 126, and which was reported upon by the Secretary of the British Embassy at Vienna), the attempt was made, but in vain. Some of the Tartar troops who were employed against the Poles, were as much savages as the hordes who overran a portion of Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

them ask for news of the insurrection, and above all of the proceedings of the intervening Powers.

A Polish proprietor, in the kingdom, was summoned not long since before a Russian general, charged with having rendered assistance to the insurgents, and solemnly cautioned against doing so again. The proprietor explained his position. 'If,' he said, 'the insurgents come to my place and ask for horses, carts, and corn, I must give them what they want, or they will hang me. If, on the other hand, I let them have anything more than I am actually forced to give, you will hang me. However, if *they* hang me my son will never find a wife in Poland nor my daughter a husband, and fifty years after my death people will turn their backs upon my grandchildren. If *you* hang me monuments will be erected to my memory. On the whole, then, as a mere matter of prudence I cannot refuse to assist the insurgents.'

In this case, I believe, the Russian general tacitly admitted the validity and reasonableness of the Polish nobleman's argument.

Proprietors continue to arrive in Cracow from

the kingdom. They have no choice but to leave their estates for the present, or join the insurrection, and run the chance of losing them altogether. If they remain they know that as Poles they are suspected, and that any peasant who may have a grudge against them can give them up to the police, and gain five roubles by the transaction. Thus if they escape the Russian soldiers, they may fall victims to the denunciations of their own peasants. This state of things, at the first glance, seems but little creditable to the Polish proprietors, but it must be remembered that the 'peasant' in Poland is neither a farmer nor a labourer. He holds a certain portion of land from which he cannot be ejected, and for which he is or was supposed to pay rent. He believes —and has been encouraged in this belief both by the government and by the Polish 'reds'—that the rent is extorted from him by the 'noble,' whom the government at the same time affects to regard, and for its own purposes does regard, as the absolute owner of the whole of his estate. Let the British Government send officials into Ireland to inform the small tenant-farmers day

after day and year after year that their farms belong to them inalienably, and that it is a great shame to make them pay rent, and the attitude of the peasant towards the proprietor would be infinitely more hostile in Ireland than it is at the present moment in the kingdom of Poland.

I hear Polish proprietors, and Poles of all classes, congratulating themselves on the fact that in spite of the provocations and inducements held out by the Russian Government, the Galician massacres of 1846 are not being imitated in the kingdom. The Polish peasant, being a degraded animal, has, in some cases, seized his landlord and sold him for so many roubles to the police—who imprison as an insurgent every one brought to them and denounced as such. But the Polish peasant is only degraded to a certain point. He must know that his landlord wishes him no harm, and he is not prepared to take his life in order to curry favour with the Russian Government. Robbery without, or, if absolutely necessary, with violence, is more in his line: he has gone so far as that, but has not hitherto steeped his hands in blood. However, all persons are agreed

that it is dangerous, and even ridiculous to venture across the frontier, inasmuch as every one who wears a black coat is considered fair game by the peasants, and looked upon as a good five roubles' worth. Some sanguine-minded Poles still endeavour to persuade themselves and others that the peasants of the kingdom are inclined to take part with the insurrection, though they have given up numbers of insurgents to the authorities, and while volunteering to inform the Russians as to the movements of the Polish troops, have seldom been prevailed upon to communicate any intelligence whatever to their own countrymen as to the position of the Russians.

On the other hand, the labourers, farm servants, domestic servants of all kinds, and generally all who have been brought under the personal influence of the proprietors, sympathise with the insurrection, and in numerous cases have joined it. I fancy there has not been a single instance of a peasant-proprietor taking part in the national movement. It is even considered a grand thing for one peasant of this class to have made successful efforts to defend his landlord's house from

pillage, and an honest rustic named Ukraini, who distinguished himself in this manner, has become so popular that his photograph is to be seen in all the print-shops of Cracow.

Formerly the Russian officers, who in some cases (a minority, no doubt, considering the smallness of the educated class in Russia) are as good as the officers of any other army, could count on the implicit obedience of their men; but the bonds of discipline have now all been loosened. The soldiers have been warned against their commanders, and have been invited to watch the conduct of subalterns, and report upon it to their superiors. In other words, a real revolutionary feeling has been created in the ranks in order to check the supposed revolutionary feeling which may or may not have animated a certain number of the officers. The consequence is, that the officers now find themselves commanding mere hordes of savages. Some imitate the conduct of the savages, while others do their best to check it.

'We were told that the Russian officers had turned revolutionists and communists,' said a

Polish proprietor to me the other day. 'But it is the soldiers who have turned communists. They rob and plunder wherever they go, and we have often had to thank the officers for protecting our property against their thoroughly communistic instincts.'

It is, in fact, the so-called revolutionists of the Russian army—or, in other words, the men who are heartily sick of the barbarous and demoralising old system, and do not know how to change it—that have endeavoured to keep order in the ranks. Now that they see what revolution really means, they have to oppose it with revolvers. It is only their superior personal courage that saves them from being murdered by the majority, as the educated classes in Russia will infallibly be murdered if the long-talked-of peasant insurrection should ever take place.

CHAPTER II.

CRACOW: APRIL, 1863.

THE most important news received here for some time past is to the effect that the peasants have burnt the Russo-Greek churches in various parts of Lithuania. It had long been known that the Catholic peasantry in Lithuania were favourable to the insurrection, and had joined it in large numbers. No positive proof could be given that the former Greek-Uniates sympathised with the ancient co-religionists of the Roman Catholic Church, rather than with the actual co-religionists of the Church of Russia. It was difficult to tell whether or not the peasants regretted the religion which the Emperor Nicholas compelled them to abandon a quarter of a century ago. The Poles always maintained that such was the case.

The Russians persisted in declaring that the peasants scarcely knew the difference; that they had been forced by their bishops to adopt the union with Rome in the sixteenth century, and that there was therefore no harm in other bishops leading them back to the religion called 'orthodox' in the nineteenth; finally, they argued that whether the measure of 1839 was right or wrong, the Lithuanian and Ruthenian peasantry had, at last, become thoroughly reconciled to the Russo-Greek Church, and that it would be impossible again to separate them from it.

In the sixteenth century, however, the head of the Russian Church was not the Czar, but the Patriarch of Moscow, so that the three million peasants converted by violence in 1839 were driven into a fold which was not only not their own, but which had never at any time been that of their ancestors. One may imagine the Lithuanian peasant attending religious service week after week without troubling himself as to whether the Pope or the Emperor of Russia was the head of his Church, and it is quite certain that the only

doctrinal difference between the system of the Uniates and that of the Oriental Christians would be beyond his comprehension, and that he would not understand whether his ancestors, as represented by their bishops at the Council of Brest, were for or against the heretical and never-to-be sufficiently condemned tenet of the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father *through* the Son, instead of from the Father *and* the Son. But the rituals of the Russo-Greek and the Greek-Uniate Churches, though originally the same, were no longer identical in 1839; and the mere fact that the communion is received in the one standing and in the other kneeling is enough to show that appreciable differences exist between the two services, which the peasant converted by violence would be sure to notice. Indeed, variations of form would be the very ones which would strike an ignorant man. In the Greek-Uniate Church, moreover—still maintained under the Austrian government in Eastern Galicia, and under the Russian in two districts in the kingdom of Poland—the priests shave; whereas in the Church called orthodox by the Russians, and schismatic by the

Poles, they cut neither hair nor beard. Finally, the iconostasis, which in the Russian 'orthodox' churches divides the building in two, and behind which the priest performs a portion of the service, does not exist in the church of the Ruthenian Uniates, constructed in all respects like those of other Catholics. Accordingly, the new form of the churches in Lithuania and Ruthenia, as rebuilt by the Russian Government to suit the new faith imposed upon the unhappy peasants, would be calculated to irritate both the old ones, brought up openly from their youth as Uniates, and the young ones, who, though inscribed as 'orthodox' in the books of the Russian police, have also, according to the Poles, been reared secretly in the belief of their fathers. The news, then, of a dozen Russian churches having been burnt in Lithuania points to the possibility of a religious war, in which several millions of Lithuano-Polish peasants might be found fighting against the Russian Government, and making common cause with the Polish nobility and middle classes. It is curious to remark the wonderful ingenuity with which Russia has created enemies for herself in

Poland. The Lithuanian peasants took no very active part in the insurrection of 1830–1. Thereupon the Government—forgetting that no serious appeal had been made to the peasantry in any part of the country by the aristocratic and military chiefs who directed the movement—took it for granted that the great mass of the Lithuanians might easily be turned into perfect Russians in a religious as well as a political sense. They were commanded to change their religion, and forced to obey; and since the persecutions of 1839 the Russians have always congratulated themselves that in Lithuania at least they were firmly established, whatever might be the case in Poland Proper. It now appears that, owing to these very persecutions, Lithuania is the only part of the ancient republic in which a comparatively large number of peasants have made common cause with the upper classes.*

* As to the political and religious inclinations of the Lithuanian peasantry, see Mr. Valouieff's report in the Appendix to vol. i. It seems certain that the Roman Catholics are all on the Polish side, and that those Russo-Greeks whose ancestors were never in union with the

A private letter from an excellent source gives details of the atrocities committed by the Russian *raskolniki*, or sectarians, in Livonia. The first most striking thing in this horrible affair is, that here we have a number of Russian colonists whose ancestors were expelled from Russia for their religious opinions and found refuge in Poland, turning against the descendants of the very men who protected them, and without a shadow of reason assassinating them and burning their houses down. The great majority of the *raskolniki* have only existed as such since the time of Peter and the reform of the Russian Church by the Patriarch Nikon. These are the 'old believers,' who believe in old and hideous *eikons*; in an old mode of making the sign of the cross with two fingers, and without the index, which, being the great snuff-taking finger, is held impure; in the old fashion of not shaving (for man was made in the image of God); and of not smoking (for 'not that which goeth into the mouth, but that which cometh out of the mouth

Roman Catholics, are sincerely attached to Russia. On this subject see also page 229 in this volume.

defileth a man'). Some of the Russian sectarians have great faith in 'purification by fire,' or incendiarism as we should call it, and take a religious pleasure in tearing up passports, which they regard (with some reason) as 'marks of the beast.' Others mutilate themselves; others perform rites which may be traced to Paganism, and are as fanatical as the greatest fanatics of the Mahometan East. I do not know to what particular form of the Russian *raskol* these murderous tribes settled in Livonia belong; but, whatever their favourite superstition, it may be safely assumed that they have been led to believe it in danger from the Polish movement, and that the Government has excited their fanaticism as it rouses for similar purposes the fear, envy, and cupidity of the Polish peasantry. It is not difficult to get up massacres in Turkey by whispering to the Turkish 'old believers' that their religion is threatened by the Christians, and similar means have doubtless been resorted to in Livonia to awaken the rage of the *raskolniki* against the Poles, with whom they had previously lived in peace and amity ever since the first establishment

of the colony in Poland. One can easily imagine the plausible way in which the alarm may have been given to them:—'The Poles are burning the Russian churches in Lithuania' (a barbarous kind of protest on whichever side made). 'All Russian churches are the same to them; they will burn yours next.'

It appears that the *raskolniki* went about like madmen, bearing hammers and axes, with which they attacked all the Poles they found in their way. They broke into country houses, and after plundering them set them on fire. Fourteen mansions were robbed 'so completely that not a lock was left on the doors, nor a piece of tapestry on the walls,' and several were burnt to the ground.

These religious banditti were led by regular commanders, and plundered and murdered most zealously and, as they themselves called out, in the name of the Emperor. The proprietors were in many places defended by their peasants, as at Count Moll's, Prince Mirski's, and M. Urban Benislawski's. The authorities made no attempt to prevent the outrages, and numbers of Livo-

nian gentlemen are kept in prison at Dunaburg simply because the enraged *raskolniki* thought fit to seize them, tie their arms, and forward them to that town under escort.

CHAPTER III.

CRACOW: MAY, 1853.

STRANGELY enough, the favourable attitude of Austria, as compared with that of Prussia, towards the insurrection is in some respects a disadvantage. A Polish insurgent knows that there is no hope for him if he falls into the hands of the Prussians, who, if they do not deliver him up to Russia, will at least treat him as a criminal on their own account. The Austrians, however, do not make any extraordinary exertions to catch insurgents who take refuge in Galicia, and when they are almost obliged to take them, treat them, as a general rule, with as little severity as possible. Some of the Poles seem to think that Austria ought to allow Cracow to be turned into a Polish citadel, and permit armed bands to go backwards and forwards between

Galicia and the kingdom without taking any notice of their proceedings. This would be all very well if Austria had declared war against Russia; but under existing circumstances, it seems to me that the military authorities at Cracow behave with remarkable fairness and moderation to the insurgents, and that their conduct ought not to be confounded for a moment with that of the police, who commit vexatious, arbitrary, and grossly illegal acts every day. A few weeks ago I was at a place near the frontier, where the Austrians had just fired upon a body of insurgents in marching order, and with such good aim, that though they were close to them, they contrived not to hit one. They pursued them, however, and took eight prisoners, who passed me as they were being escorted to the railway station, with their hands in their pockets and cigars in their mouths. Only two were not smoking. The others seemed to have nothing to complain of, except, of course, the simple, unavoidable fact that they were not free. Recently, again, a detachment of Hungarian hussars who were conducting a soldier belonging to their own regiment to the

castle, fired upon a crowd which had endeavoured to liberate the prisoner, and pelted them with stones. No one was hurt, unless, indeed, some of the stones took effect on the hussars, and no one was arrested. Certainly, the crowd would not have got off so easily in Russia, Prussia, or France.

It appears that the Hungarian whose situation excited so much sympathy on the part of the Cracow public, was one of several who, after watching a fight between insurgents and Russians near Sice, for a time, could at last stand it no longer, and rushed over the border to strike a few hard blows on behalf of the weaker side. A non-commissioned officer and three men distinguished themselves, I believe, in this manner.

The Hungarians quartered here had shown before that they had by no means forgotten 1849, and that they were ready to take the earliest opportunity of fighting the Russians. Some Cossacks who were obliging enough to show themselves on the wrong side of the frontier, near a station where the hussars were posted, were charged by those troops, and driven back with a

joyful alacrity, which could have left no doubt on the minds of the enemy as to their willingness to repeat the operation as often as it might be necessary or even possible.

A Polish officer, too, in the Austrian service, had actually the pleasure a few weeks since of directing an attack of *kossynieri* against a party of Russians by whom they had been followed on to Galician territory. The scythemen had laid down their arms and formally surrendered, in spite of which the Russians continued to pursue them. Thereupon the Austro-Polish officer called out to the insurgents in their native language to take up their scythes and charge the 'Moskali,' and, though the fugitives were much exhausted, the effect of the command given in Polish by a man in the uniform of authority was such, that they seized their weapons, and, throwing themselves upon their assailants, put them to flight.

The most curious passage of the frontier, however, was one which was effected by some twenty scythemen immediately after the break up of Langiewicz's army. They had been stopped by about a dozen Cossacks, who appeared on the

other side of a little stream just as they were going to wade through it. A parley took place, in the course of which it was proposed that the insurgents, who were all farm-servants or workmen, should pay toll, lay down their arms, and go on in peace. This thoroughly Cossack notion was accepted by the Poles in principle, but the sum demanded as passage-money was thought exorbitant. The representatives of 'Holy Russia' wanted three roubles, and the 'enemies of Russia's greatness,' weak as they were from hunger and fatigue, said they would rather fight than pay such a sum. Diplomacy, however, and the interests of peace triumphed at last. The *kossynieri* made up a purse of four florins, which the faithful children of the Czar were kind enough to accept; the scythes were laid down, and the Cossacks kept their bargain, and allowed the rebellious foe to proceed towards Cracow.

A new rumour, too, or rather an old rumour newly circulated, is abroad, to the effect, that the insurrection has broken out in Volhynia and Podolia. If so, we may expect to hear of such scenes in these provinces as were witnessed in

Galicia during the massacres of 1846, and of which the first example was given in Poland by Catherine II. just before the first partition. In the three southern or south-eastern provinces of the ancient kingdom (Volhynia, Podolia, and Kieff, or the Ukraine), the Ruthenian peasants may be very good Poles, but they are not of the same religion; and if the Russian Government assures them that the Poles wish to convert them to Catholicism by force, and to deprive them of their land, it is probable enough that, with a little encouragement, they may be got to assassinate the proprietors and seize all the communal land as their own. Russia will do a good deal to keep the Congress-kingdom, and still more to keep Lithuania; but she will not give up the provinces of Volhynia, Podolia, and Kieff under any consideration, and will regard any means as good that may enable her to retain them. I find proprietors from these provinces by no means anxious to see the insurrection extend to them; for they are not at all sure of the favourable attitude or even neutrality of the peasants, and are quite convinced that the Government would

resort to all possible measures for raising them up against their landlords. The Government may go a little too far in this direction, and ruin Russia while intending only to ruin Poland; but it is perfectly unscrupulous, and would certainly not hesitate to do with the Ruthenian peasants of the south-eastern provinces what it has already done, on a small scale, with the Russian settlers in Livonia.

CHAPTER IV.

CRACOW: MAY, 1863.

In estimating the forces at the disposal of the Polish National Government it would be a great mistake to count those insurgents only who are actually in the field. At present every one who joins a detachment organised by the National Government, becomes a soldier of the Polish national army, and must obey orders, not only as long as his detachment remains in the field, but as long as the insurrection lasts. If the corps to which he belongs is driven in he has to report himself at head-quarters, and to hold himself in readiness to start again for the frontier at the shortest notice. The soldiers of the insurrection receive regular pay (if they happen to want it), and owe the same obedience to their chiefs which would be required from them in any other army.

A national police,* too, has been organised, and is said to have been found very useful in the kingdom.

Besides its police, properly so called, the National Government employs a body of commissioners for collecting taxes and giving and receiving information of various kinds. The war tax amounts to 10 per cent. on clear income, and is, or ought to be, paid by every one except the peasants, who are not allowed to pay anything to anyone, and who are so petted by both Governments —national and anti-national—that they would be quite spoilt were they not already far beyond the possibility of spoiling. Will the Russians succeed in making the Polish peasant fight against his late master, or will his late master succeed in making him fight the Russians? Probably, after taking what he can get from both sides, he will remain quietly at home, doing no work, paying no rent,

* A most pernicious institution, as it afterwards turned out. If anyone says that without 'national gendarmes,' to terrify Russian spies, and to teach patriotism to Polish peasants by hanging them, the insurrection could not have been maintained, then that in itself is a condemnation of the insurrection.

and enjoying himself after his own fashion. The proprietors are convinced that he will never take up arms for the Russian Government, whatever inducements it may offer him; and hitherto he has certainly not given the slightest sign of an intention to strike a blow in its favour. He has here and there shown himself ready enough to earn a dishonest penny by selling his countrymen to his country's enemies, but, as a rule, he has carefully abstained from armed interference on either side. In no instance, however, has the Polish peasant been persuaded to do battle for the Russians, whereas in certain districts and on particular estates he has really fought well for his own people. If, as many persons seem to imagine, the *kossynieri* were all peasants there would be thousands of peasants already under arms—not only in Lithuania, but in the kingdom itself; but the *kossynieri* are, for the most part, farm labourers (not to be confounded for a moment with the class of peasant proprietors), workmen, and domestic servants. When a commander has not rifles enough for all his men he arms a portion of them with scythes; if there were

an adequate supply of proper military weapons we should probably hear of no scythemen at all.

Letters from Wilna are full of details respecting the death of Narbutt, which is said to have caused the most intense grief throughout Lithuania. 'The loss of Nelson was not more keenly felt in England,' says one writer, 'than that of Narbutt is among us.' This, the most illustrious of all the Lithuanian chiefs, was also one of the youngest. But he had lived long enough to suffer for many years from the persecutions of the Russians, having first incurred their displeasure when a boy at school. In his last action he was leading on his men when he was struck in the foot by a rifle bullet, and fell. He would not allow himself to be carried from the field, but called upon some of the friends who were standing around him to raise him on their arms and bear him again to the front. A shower of bullets fell upon the group as it moved forwards. Narbutt was shot through the heart, and all who surrounded him, to the number of a dozen, were also mortally wounded. The insurgents were now quite discouraged, and retreated precipitately, leaving the body

of their chief in the hands of the Russians. The Russian general (Timofieieff) sent the corpse to the insurgent camp, and it was buried with the highest military honours, and in great state, an immense concourse of persons following it to the grave.

There can be no doubt now as to the insurrection in Volhynia and Podolia having broken out in earnest, and news has arrived to-day of a rising in the Ukraine (Government of Kieff). The peasants of the Polish Ukraine, annexed to Russia at the second partition in 1793, were reduced to serfdom by that notorious Liberal, and eminent writer on the advantages of serf emancipation, Catherine II.; and there are said to be plenty of old men in the province who remember the day when their fathers were 'assigned' to land which they had inherited as free property. But if the peasants of the Ukraine were enslaved, to whom were they subjected? Not to Russian, but to Polish proprietors; and it may therefore be doubted whether, in the midst of their indignation against the Government which first deprived them of their liberty, they do not feel some ani-

mosity towards the nobles who kept them without it. We know that Schevtchenko, the peasant poet of the Ukraine, was one of the bitterest enemies the Poles ever had; and, as far as can be judged from the literary organ of the Little Russian party, the general feeling in the Ukraine, however hostile it may be to Russia, is certainly not friendly to Poland. Nevertheless, letters from Volhynia and Podolia say that throughout the adjoining province the peasants are calling out for a return to the 'Polish times,' and the cry, we are told, is gradually becoming universal. In Volhynia and Podolia it was expected by many of the proprietors that in the event of an insurrection the peasants would, at most, remain neutral; and it was feared that, with a little encouragement, they might be induced to assume the part performed by the Galician peasantry in 1846. But in Galicia, in the year in question, everyone thought until the insurrection had actually broken out that the peasants would be on the same side as their masters. On the other hand, many persons were of opinion only the other day that in Lithuania the peasants could not be counted on

at all, whereas in many of the Lithuanian districts they have joined the insurrection with one accord.

A curious instance of Polish popular superstition, and of Russian military abruptness in checking it, is mentioned by one of the correspondents of the *Czas*. A portion of the overexcited and feverish population of Warsaw having persuaded itself that it had seen a fiery cross in the air, the news spread through the city that the sign of victory, so discouraging to the Constantine of Warsaw, had shown itself, and an immense crowd collected at a spot thought to be advantageously situated for viewing the phenomenon. It may be interesting to some future writer on miracles to know that an official personage—the Commissary of the fifth and sixth police quarters of Warsaw—made a formal report on the subject of the supposed aërial cross, saying that it was to be seen 'just over a pear-tree in front of the house No. 2,487,' and that it had caused a crowd to assemble, whereby the public peace was likely to be disturbed. The Russians, finding that some inti-

mate connection existed in the popular mind between the pear-tree and the miraculous symbol, ordered the former to be destroyed, and the tree, which is said to have been in full bloom, was cut down. This appears really to have had the effect of dispelling the apparition; at least, no more was heard of it, and the crowd broke up, lamenting only the fall of the pear-tree.

Poles arriving here from Breslau, Posen, and even from the "Kingdom,' bring rumours of an intended occupation of the kingdom of Poland by Prussian and Austrian troops; the Russians to retire to the fortress and large towns, the Prussians and Austrians to hold the country, and require the insurgents to lay down their arms. The occupation to last until a Congress of the European Powers shall have agreed among themselves and with Russia as to the future government of Poland.

These rumours, though they cannot be clearly traced to any really good source, are beginning to find general credence here, and by some few are connected with a scheme for 'pacifying' Poland by means of a fresh partition. By this eighth

re-distribution of Polish territory the provinces between what is now called Prussian Poland and the Vistula would go to Prussia; the frontier of Austrian Poland would be advanced some distance to the north, so as to take in the whole of the ancient 'palatinate' of Cracow; and a portion of Eastern Galicia would be incorporated with the Russian Empire. Russia would profit immensely by such a change as this, and the pride of the Russian nation would be more flattered by the gain of all or part of Eastern Galicia than injured by the loss of the western and some of the southern districts of the kingdom of Poland. It forms no part of the historic policy of Russia to absorb the kingdom of Poland; besides which the utter impossibility of any such absorption being brought about has now been plainly demonstrated. On the other hand, it is an essential part of the historic policy of Russia to absorb Eastern Galicia, which was governed at one time (how many centuries ago is not of the slightest consequence) by Russo-Norman princes of the house of Ruric, which in old times formed one province with Podolia, and which is inhabited by a race of peasantry

called 'Ruthenians,' 'Ruthenes,' or 'Russines,' in the west of Europe, but who are 'Russians' in the eyes of Russia, and, though nominally Greek Catholics in union with Rome, have long been under the influence of the Russian Church, and are constantly reminded that Kieff was formerly their religious metropolis. It is an article of faith with strictly educated Russians that Eastern Galicia is Russian territory, and that the Russians sooner or later must claim it. The Russian school histories simply state that at the third partition of Poland in 1795, Russia took back *nearly all* the provinces naturally belonging to her. The province or district alleged to be still missing is that of Eastern Galicia; and on the Novgorod monument the Russo-Norman dukes who ruled in the city of Lwow or Lemberg are represented as belonging to the same empire as the Czars of Muscovy. A portion of Eastern Galicia was actually ceded to Russia by France in 1809, after the conquest of all the province by Poniatowski's army, and the district of Tarnopol remained Russian until the sixth partition of Poland, in 1815.

The great object of Russia, Prussia, and Austria is not that the Poles should be made happy, but that they should be kept quiet. It is thought that Prussia might safely take charge of a couple of million more Poles than she oppresses now; that she would like to have them, and would be grateful to Russia for ceding them to her; that Austria could manage another million, and that Russia would be infinitely less unpopular among the Ruthenian Greek Catholics who inhabit the Galician districts adjoining Volhynia and Podolia (and which lie between the extremities of those provinces like a wedge) than she always must be among a purely Polish race belonging to the Church of Rome. If you ask Poles what they imagine the West of Europe would say to such an arrangement as this, they reply that England and France would, no doubt, protest against it, as they protested (in several despatches) against the annexation of Cracow in 1846; but if Russia cannot possibly govern the kingdom of Poland as now constituted on any legal system, and England and France really object to her ruling by fire and sword, she must get rid of a portion of her Polish

subjects, and revert to the well-calculated balance of tyranny established by the partitioning Powers among themselves in 1795." Prussia and Austria could give their new Polish subjects 'representative institutions' (for would they not be represented in the Prussian Chamber and in the Austrian Reichsrath?), and Russia might publish some sort of 'organic statute' for her old ones.

This solution appears very horrible, but unless at least a portion of Poland be rendered independent it may be difficult to find any other. If the Western Powers could prevail upon Russia to restore the constitution of 1815, neither Russia nor the Western Powers could prevail upon the Poles to accept it, unless indeed, having been thoroughly beaten, they were obliged to submit to it, as they might in that case be made to submit to any other arrangement. It is not likely that Russia will consent to any part of Poland being made independent, or that she will give back the constitution of 1815 with or without an army (supposing even that such a concession would pacify the Poles, which it certainly would not); nor is it probable that the West of Europe

would allow the new partition scheme to be carried out. But can any solution be thought of which is probable or even possible? Poland wants everything, Russia will give nothing, and the intervening Powers propose half-measures, which Russia and Poland will equally reject.

CHAPTER V.

GALICIAN-VOLHYNIAN FRONTIER: JUNE, 1863.

THE Poles seem to be more and more convinced that the sentiments of the Volhynian peasants towards them have changed during the last few weeks. Without being able to say positively, though it would not be difficult to guess, what part the Ruthenian peasants would have taken in Volhynia had the Government left them entirely to themselves, I may mention that every day I hear of their brethren in Eastern Galicia demonstrating voluntarily, and in an unmistakable manner, their hostility to the Polish insurgents. A friend of mine was arrested, a fortnight ago, by a party of peasants going home from their work, just outside Lemberg. Most of the young men, and a good many of the middle-aged ones, now in Lemberg, are insurgents wait-

ing for orders; but there is nothing in their appearance to prove that such is the case. They might be there for a race or a ball, if such entertainments took place now in Poland. Nearer the Volhynian and Podolian frontier, the peasants play everywhere, and quite systematically, the part of volunteer spies. They do not have the chance of seeing many insurgents in the villages or on the public roads, but if they notice a few extra horses coming out of a stable, or hear that there are a few strangers staying at a country house, they lose no time in running off to the nearest district town to inform the police that such and such a proprietor is making preparations to assist the insurrection.

The stories circulating in the villages on the subject of the insurrection are of the most astounding character, and can only be compared to the marvellous semi-Oriental tales told in Russia when the emancipation of the serfs was first spoken of, about the measures of offence and defence taken by the nobles against the Emperor, and by the Emperor against the nobles. A poor Ruthenian peasant woman (according to one of these legends)

had lost everything she possessed except her cow, which she took to market and sold that she might pay her debts. When she had paid all she owed she had only three *gulden* left, and as she was taking the money home with a heavy heart she was stopped in the middle of a wood by a Pole, who was an insurgent. The insurgent asked her why she looked so sad, and, hearing that it was because she had only three *gulden* in the whole world, robbed her of that sum, beat her, and went away. The poor woman ran as fast as she could towards her home, but had not gone far when she met another Pole. She was weeping bitterly, and the insurgent wanted to know what misfortune had happened to her. She told him how she had been ill-treated and plundered, when the Pole seemed to take pity on her, and said he would see that justice was done her. He accordingly led her to a spot in the wood where there were twelve insurgents, and inquired whether she could point out the one who had beaten her and stolen her three *gulden*. She knew the robber instantly, and showed him to the Pole who had promised to befriend her; but he, instead of punishing the wicked insurgent, caused

the poor woman who had recognised him to be seized and bound, and then, with the point of his sword, put her eyes out.

The peasants mention the name of the village where they declare the heroine of their story lived; and, after all, it is as true as many of the stories of the Polish insurrection told by the Russian official newspapers. I must add that the Poles believe these tales in which the insurgents are represented as brigands to be the deliberate invention of the Ruthenian Greek-Uniate priests; but it is more probable that they have grown up of themselves in the peasants' imagination, from seed sown partly by Ruthenian priests, partly by Austrian officials, and which in part also has been the natural fruit of a harsh system of task-work, leading the peasants to believe that the Polish proprietors and all who hold with them are really their enemies.

I have no means of judging whether the Greek-Uniate priests of Eastern Galicia are as corrupt as they are generally said to be by the Poles; but I can see that they are very poor, that their churches (as I have heard some of them complain)

are of wood, while the Roman Catholic churches in the same village are often of brick and stone; that they live little better than peasants;' that they do not go into the society of their Polish superiors, for which, in the first place, their education and habits do not fit them, and where, moreover, they could not be received without distrust—so persevering has been their hostility towards the Poles in the Galician Diet and in the Reichsrath, so notorious is their leaning towards Russia, so openly are they accused of meditating at the earliest opportunity a return to the Greek 'schism.' The priests of the Greek-Uniate rite are, strictly speaking, of the same 'religion' as the Roman Catholic priests; but the thread which binds them to Rome is very slender, and all their traditions, their language, their form of prayer, their ancient church music, their mode of life (for it must be remembered that they marry) connect them with Kieff, their former religious metropolis. It is said by well-informed Poles who have studied this question fairly, that the great ambition of the Ruthenian clergy of Eastern Galicia is not to join the Russian Church, but to form with the Ruthenians

of Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine a Ruthenian Church to depend, not from the Emperor of Russia and the Russian Synod, but from a patriarch having his head-quarters at Kieff. It is certain that in Moscow itself, the centre of Russian orthodoxy, there is a party which would gladly see the Russian Church made independent of the secular power; but these projects '*sont pour l'an trois mil*,' and probably most of the Ruthenian clergy in Galicia—being ambitious, as priests ought not to be, but sometimes are—think simply of the prizes which would be within their reach if, instead of belonging to a poor little Church counting only some two or three million peasants within its pale, they modified their belief as to the procession of the Holy Spirit, and joined the Church of the great Russian Empire.

Of the importance attached by Russians and Poles to the position of the Greek-Uniates—who are Poles or Russians according as they incline to the Roman or to the Greek Church—we have just had an example at Warsaw, where it is now said that Archbishop Felinski was arrested and ordered to St. Petersburg, less for protesting against the

execution of the priest Konarski, than for performing mass in the Greek-Uniate Church. The only Greek-Uniates left in the Russian dominions are found in the kingdom of Poland, where they inhabit the district of Chelm in the 'government' of Lublin, and one other district (I believe, in Augustowo). Even in the kingdom, where, in comparison with what has been done in the Polish provinces, but feeble attempts have been made to turn Poles into Russians, the Government has nevertheless tried to gain over the Greek-Uniates to the Russo-Greek Church; and I know for a fact that not long before the insurrection broke out an unsuccessful offer was made to the peasants of the Greek-Uniate rite on one estate to the effect that if they would forsake their religion they should be forgiven their rent—one of the beauties of this proposition being that the proprietor to whom the rent was due was not consulted about the matter at all.

In the Ruthenian provinces belonging to Russia the first act of the Polish insurrection is at an end, and the fall of the curtain leaves the

Polish insurgents in those regions in a very helpless state; or it may be said that the race between the Polish National Government and the imperial Government of Russia for the goodwill of the Ruthenian peasant has been run, and has been won with ease by the latter. The peasant who is called Russian by the Russians and Ruthenian by the Poles, and who calls himself *Ruski*, has shown that his sole wish is to be allowed to cultivate his garden in peace, and that, if his peace is disturbed, he is ready to take part with those who are most capable of restoring it. Now, in Polish poems and songs, the 'Ruthenian' peasant (which, for convenience, it is well to call him, in order to distinguish him from the peasant of Russia proper) may regret 'old times' and the Poland of the past, and look forward with hope to the Poland of the future; but in reality he knows nothing about the Poland of the past, except that then, as until quite lately, and until the Law of Emancipation published by the Emperor Alexander came into force, he had to perform taskwork for the right of holding land, and could be beaten by the proprietor if he did not perform

it properly. The fact that the Polish proprietors in the local dietines, and their representatives in the national Diet, passed measures in 1791 for abolishing serfdom throughout Poland, and that the adoption of the constitution by which these measures were solemnly legalised was the signal for the second dismemberment of the country—this important fact cannot be known to peasants who for the most part are unable to read, and who are not allowed to receive instruction of any kind except in the Russian language, and from teachers appointed by the Russian Government. I know several instances of proprietors both in the Ruthenian provinces and in the kingdom getting into trouble for having formed evening classes for their servants and peasants without the permission of the officials. In the kingdom, permission to establish Polish schools may be obtained under certain conditions—the first of which is that the teacher shall not be chosen by the person to whom the school belongs. But in Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine, Polish schools cannot be formed under any circumstances, and a friend of mine resident in one of these provinces

has now an action pending against him because he employed a Polish master to teach his own domestic servants to read out of Polish spelling-books.

What must the feeling of dependents be who find that their superiors do not enjoy the smallest liberty of action, and that they are at the mercy of the first petty official or spy who likes to inform against them and get them punished, even for performing the most meritorious deeds? Those dependents who have been personally in contact with the proprietors feel for them—and for themselves—and have proved their readiness to fight on their behalf; but this sympathy seems to be confined to the house servants and to the stewards, forest-keepers, and other persons occupying responsible positions on the estates. The peasants appear only to consider that the Czar is omnipotent, and that their proprietor is as much his slave as they are, though not so loyal a one.

As to the emancipation question in modern times, the peasants have not been told that the Polish proprietors were the first to respond to the appeal for adhesion and cooperation made by the Emperor to the nobility of the Russian Empire,

when the project of emancipation was first announced, and that His Majesty publicly thanked them for their support, when he had nothing but reproaches to address to the nobility of Moscow. On the contrary, they are taught to believe that for the long-continued evils of serfdom they have only to thank the proprietors, and that for the recent improvement in their condition they are indebted solely to the Emperor. The sovereign who to the Polish nobility is a tyrant, is regarded by the Ruthenian peasantry as a liberator, and it is not likely that the latter will ever be induced to take up arms against him. The Poles know that the peasants of Galicia have the highest veneration for the Emperor of Austria, that in the purely Polish, as well as in the Ruthenian half of the province, they have forgotten their own name, and no longer call themselves Poles, but 'Imperialists,' and that even now, when there is no insurrection in Galicia, they arrest insurgents on their way to the kingdom and to Volhynia. Why, then, should they imagine that the Ruthenians of Volhynia and Podolia, after seventy years' contact with Russia, are better Poles than the Galicians?

The Russians are, at least, of kindred race, and have nearly the same customs and mode of life as the Ruthenians, and bring with them a language which the Ruthenian peasantry can understand up to a certain point—beyond which no language would be very intelligible to them; whereas the German soldiers and officials of Austria speak a tongue of which the Ruthenian and Polish peasants of Galicia can make nothing, and which they hold in abhorrence. At the present moment, although all the civilisation of the Ruthenian provinces is Polish, the Ruthenian peasantry, who as serfs never can have had any feeling of independence, are as much like Russians as they can well be. It is not flattering to them to say so, nor is it any compliment to the Russians either. To say that Russian soldiers behave like Ruthenian peasantry, or Ruthenian peasantry like Russian soldiers, comes to about the same thing. Without discipline, and excited and stimulated to violence and plunder, soldiers and peasants behave in Russia and Poland as they behaved in Spain during the war of independence, and in France during the revolution, and as under the same

circumstances they would behave almost everywhere. The worst and most unpardonable criminals are the generals and officials who tolerate the excesses committed under their eyes, and who in many instances have even provoked and directed them.

For some time past the unhappy rustics who till the ground in Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine, have been objects of great interest to Russian and Polish publicists. How proud, how much 'too happy' they would be if they only knew what numbers of articles have been written about them! They have been proved on ethnological principles to be Russians and on historical principles to be Poles, and the contrary and also the converse; but they have not been consulted personally as to their notion of *patria*, and, judging them by their late actions, it seems to me that they may fairly be described as an uncivilised race, without patriotic ideas, and settled upon land which until the end of the last century formed part of Poland, but for the last seventy years has belonged to Russia. For the sympathy of this race a battle has been fought, and

if the comparison be not too trivial it may be said that the struggle between the Russians and Poles to get hold of the Ruthenian peasant has been very like a contest between two rival omnibus conductors to gain possession of a gaping countryman who does not quite know where either of them is going, but is assured by both that he has only to jump in and it will be all right. If in such cases the countryman mistrusts both his would-be benefactors, but finally allows himself to be carried away by the strongest, he does just what, according to the Poles, the Ruthenian peasant has done in the three south-eastern provinces of ancient Poland. The peasant has received offers from Poland and offers from Russia; but Russia has shown herself the most pressing and the most powerful, and Russia has carried him off.

Another view of the matter is that the Ruthenian peasant does not dislike the Russians and very much dislikes the Poles. I know that he ought to hate the Russians—first, for partitioning his country; and, secondly, for forcing him to change his religion. But, perhaps, he knows very

little about the partitions; and while some of the Ruthenians never left the Eastern Church at all, others were forced to rejoin it as long ago as the end of the last century; others again thirty years since, and very few, indeed, at a time so recent as to have left any bitter recollections in their breast as to the manner in which the change was brought about. If, moreover, these Ruthenians have such long memories, they may have preserved the tradition of the union with Rome forced upon them by their bishops at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries; but it is to be presumed that they do not see or feel any very great difference between the Greek Church of Russia and the Greek United Church, or they would not allow themselves to be driven so easily, with or without sticks, from one to the other. In the fifteenth century they had nothing to do with Rome; in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they were united to Rome; in the eighteenth and nineteenth they were disunited from Rome; and the last who were separated (during the reign of the present emperor) were not separated by brute force, though not without

threats that force, if necessary, would be employed. The Cossacks were too faithful and too independent to be compelled, even by the severest measures, to change their religion; and no one in the present day can imagine a village of Irish Catholics being turned into Protestants, or of Scotch Protestants being turned into Catholics, by any amount of ill-treatment. In short, it may be said that the Ruthenian peasant knows nothing about the past glories of Poland, nothing about the intention which the Poles of the last century certainly entertained of emancipating him, and little, if anything, about having been forced to change his religion either lately or upwards of two centuries and a half ago. On the other hand, he knows that the Emperor of Russia is *his* emperor, that the Russian priests are *his* priests, and that the landed proprietors whom he has been taught to hate, and whom for a long series of years he has, perhaps, not had any particular reason for liking, are Poles.

The Poles say that the Ruthenian peasant has proved in Volhynia that he will side with the Poles where the Poles are strongest, and where

the Russians are strongest with the Russians. This, however, is not precisely the case. He does not attack the Poles when he has no chance against them, and he may, even with the cunning of his class, pretend, under such circumstances, to be well disposed towards them; but as soon as the Russian troops have arrived he has always joined them, and has even welcomed them as protectors. One of my informants on this point (not a Russian, or in such a matter I should not quote his evidence) saw the wives of the peasants in the neighbourhood of Slawuta bring out food and drink to the soldiers who had arrived to attack the insurgents. The peasants assisted the soldiers voluntarily, helped to capture the Poles after they had been routed, chased them like wild beasts in the woods, maltreated even those who were wounded, and buried one alive—a feat which has since been multiplied by three, and attributed to the Russian soldiers, who have quite enough to answer for without that. Persons who were in a likely position to know the truth, as far as the truth can be known, about what took place in the middle of a wood, away from all observers except

those specially interested in keeping the proceedings secret, assure me that in this particular instance the savages who wounded and tortured unresisting Poles were the Ruthenian peasantry of the place.

All regular fighting is at an end, but the peasants have been armed, and they are ordered to arrest and search every man or woman whom they may suspect of carrying arms or ammunition. 'When I found that the peasants were empowered to lift up my wife's crinoline,' said a Polish proprietor the other day, who was escaping from Volhynia to Galicia, 'I thought it was time for us to start. I took all the money I could collect and all the plate, and shall go back when I hear of an armed intervention.'

The Polish National Government must have known all along that the support of the Ruthenian peasants of the Greek Church in the provinces incorporated with the Russian empire was not to be counted upon nearly so much as that of the Polish peasants of the Roman Church in the 'kingdom;' and the patriotism even of the latter has not shown itself very flourishing—patriotism

being, indeed, a kind of plant which cannot be grown and forced at a few months' notice to serve a pressing want, but must be allowed to spring up of itself under a variety of favourable circumstances which have never existed for the peasant in Poland. In Russia patriotism is replaced by a feeling of deep veneration and devotion for the Czar. This sentiment, for practical purposes, is a good substitute for the other, and at least makes the Russian peasant ready to sacrifice himself for his country, of which the Czar is the personification. The enemies of the Czar are his enemies, whereas the enemies and destroyers of Poland are regarded by the Polish peasant either with indifference or, as in Galicia and in part, if not the whole, of Ruthenia, with absolute devotion, akin to that felt by the Russian peasant towards the power which for centuries has 'upheld' his native land. In one district in Volhynia in which the insurrection made its appearance, and in which the insurgents 'took' a town—that is to say, they entered it when there were no Russian soldiers there—the peasants complained bitterly that the insurgents had removed their

portrait of the Emperor from the 'Chancery of the Volost'.(a 'volost' being a group of villages), and made a target of it. I do not know whether they felt the indignity offered to their sovereign—and we should only deceive ourselves if we were to imagine that they doubt for one moment the legitimacy of his sway—but they at least regretted their picture, and one of them said within the hearing of a friend of mine, 'They make all sorts of promises, and the first thing we see them do is to destroy our property.' Of course the Poles had no wish or thought of destroying the property of the peasants, but they know that is what the Russians desire the peasants to believe concerning them, and they must have been mad to commit an act which gave to the Russian calumnies a certain aspect of truth. The insurgents take from the peasants a real picture in a gilt frame, and all they give them in return is a document in gold letters proceeding from the Polish National Government, and conferring upon them as a free gift all the lands for which they have hitherto had to perform taskwork. When one of these 'golden charters' was read to an assembly of peasants, and

the reading produced but little effect, they were asked whether they were not the friends of the Poles, to which they replied, with oracular ambiguity, that, 'they were the friends of all who wished them well.' I should have been glad to find, but cannot discover, that their love for Poland was expressed anywhere, even in words, in any warmer manner than this. In a village in Volhynia, where 200 Catholic peasants had positively promised to join the insurrection, they observed, at the last moment, with remarkable dulness and want of patriotism, but also, these deficiencies being admitted, with characteristic common sense, that if the Russians attacked them they should know how to defend themselves, but that if the Russians did not attack them they would rather not fight.

After the defeat of the insurgents the peasants in one place, to my certain knowledge, took their 'golden charters' to the Russian officials and delivered them up. I do not see how matter-of-fact peasants can attach value to them anywhere, considering that the persons who gave them out had to disappear as soon as the troops of the

regular government came up in any force. The insurgents fought with great bravery, according to the well-known habit of the Poles; but they knew that they were going to certain destruction unless they were supported by the long-expected army from Galicia, and the grand entry from Galicia into Volhynia was not effected, and has not yet taken place, though it is looked forward to from day to day.

CHAPTER VI.

GALICIAN-VOLHYNIAN FRONTIER: JULY, 1863.

THE preparations made for the seven or eight hours' fighting which took place last Wednesday before Radziwilow had occupied the Poles ever since the end of March. Some of the insurgents who were present had had considerable trouble in getting to Cracow, and found it still more difficult to continue their journey to Lemberg, while the general advance from Lemberg to Brody, on the Volhynian frontier, was made on a system of zig-zag approaches almost after the model of siege operations. Lemberg was so full of insurgents a month ago, that a circus was opened for their special benefit, when scenes from *Mazeppa* were performed for the instruction and amusement of men who were themselves bound for the Ukraine,

but who never, I may add, had the smallest chance of getting there. As the Ruthenian peasants around Lemberg were known to be even worse disposed towards 'the Poles' than the Polish peasants of Western Galicia, all sorts of precautions had to be taken in bringing the insurgents nearer and nearer to the frontier. Every country house between Lemberg and Brody, for many miles on each side of the main road, has served has a halting-place, and many proprietors have had twenty, thirty, and in one instance that I know of as many as 100 insurgents staying in and about their houses and grounds for periods varying from three days to two months. It is not from any want of kindness on the part of their entertainers that soldiers of the national army in concealment are sometimes put to sleep in trees. If the word 'revision' is whispered in the morning or afternoon, every one is on the look-out for the police in the evening, and as soon as they make their appearance on one side the objects of their search disappear on the other. If when the household retire to rest the revision has not taken place, there is nothing for the insurgent guests to do but to take to the woods,

by which every manor-house in Eastern Galicia is surrounded.

One wretched night, when a general revision was expected in a certain district, and all the hiding places were full, I went with a poor fellow who was destined to fall in Wysocki's affair before Radziwilow, to half a dozen houses, each a mile or two apart, before he could find a place to sleep in, or shelter of any kind from the terrible storm which was raging outside. Such trouble as this enthusiastic young man took to get shot through the heart—in a glorious cause, no doubt, but in a somewhat inglorious battle—can scarcely be imagined, and is worth describing. Stanislas Glisczinski, an officer on General Wysocki's staff, was actively employed in bringing up and placing the companies of tirailleurs, until, after having had two horses shot under him, he was struck down by almost the last bullet that was fired. Glisczinski, four months before, was a pupil of the artillery school of Metz, where he had just completed his military studies, when the Polish insurrection first began to assume an important character. He

was acquainted with Langiewicz, was an intimate friend of Padlewski, and as he had only entered the Academy of Mêtz (where, as a special favour, a certain number of Poles can gain admittance) in order to qualify himself for serving his country in an efficient manner, he thought at the beginning of March that the time had arrived, and hastened to Cracow to place himself at the disposition of the Central National Committee.

He was anxious to fight in his own part of the country—that is to say, in the province of Kalisch, where he had an estate, but being appointed to the Volhynian expedition he started, soon after Langiewicz's disaster, for Lemberg, where he was arrested as he stepped out of the train. He had committed no illegal act, even in a technical sense, and his passport was in proper order; but there may have been something about his look which the Austrian authorities did not like (on his side he certainly did not like them), and the result was, that he was thrown, unaccused, into a damp cell, and left there without society, without books, and without exercise, until he became seriously ill. In fact he never recovered from his prison illness. He

was in great pain when he started for the camp, and asked for some soothing medicine to be brought on to him, little thinking that before it could reach him he would receive from the Russians that which would quiet him for ever. He told me that during his confinement at Lemberg when he asked for a book, the gaoler gave him a volume of sermons, of the kind which men may be forced to listen to, but cannot read. He was also offered a child's story book. His application for a Bible, several times repeated, was met by a positive refusal: and, indeed, the sacred writings inculcate the virtue of patriotism in too many places to allow of their being placed with advantage in the hands of a Pole.

At the end of April, Glisczinski, after having been subjected to numerous unavailing interrogations, was ordered to be removed to Olmütz. At Oderberg, however, where the Cracow-Vienna Railway branches off into Moravia, he ran out of the station, was fired upon by the guard, but not hit, and succeeded in escaping into the woods, where he passed the first of many similar nights. At daybreak he went into the hut of

a Moravian peasant, and made a hopeless attempt to explain to the poor man who the Poles were, why they were fighting the Russians, and why in particular he, Glisczinski, was afraid of falling into the hands of the police.

At first all the peasant could understand was that a hungry and wild-looking man, without a farthing of money (Glisczinski's purse had been taken charge of by the prison authorities), and by his own confession an escaped prisoner, had come out of the forest and wanted assistance. At last, however, he understood that he had to deal with an honest man in distress. A Galician peasant would have given up his countryman to the Government. The Moravian brought out food, and sent for a functionary who he had heard was a Pole, and who turned out (like nearly all the Poles who can read and write) to be a good patriot. Ultimately Glisczinski, now without a passport, and under a false name, and with a false residence-card, contrived to get to Cracow, and thence to Lemberg in a luggage train. From Lemberg he moved forward from house to house, one proprietor sending him on to another,

until a few weeks ago I found myself quartered in the same house with him, at only a few miles' distance from the Volhynian frontier.

During the battle Glisczinski regained all his activity; the fire seemed to do him good; and at the close of the action, when the skirmishers, distributed in all sorts of positions in front of a very irregular line of wood, were called in, he was perfectly well, and had not been touched. Almost the last ball that was fired carried off one of the best officers, and one of the most amiable and accomplished men that the Polish army possessed. Domogalski, the Chief of the Staff, or, more properly speaking, of the service of aides-de-camp, got off his horse, and raised the dying man from the ground; and he had scarcely mounted again, when he was himself wounded —and this time mortally. I had no idea that Glisczinski had been in the least hurt until I saw him stretched out dead in the hospital at Brody, and I could not help thinking, as I looked at his lifeless body, that he might have been put to some better purpose than to serve as a sort of political target to the Russians, whom the Poles

had no more chance of conquering in the provinces of Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine, than the Normans of France have of conquering England, or the English of conquering Normandy. I am not speaking of rights, but only of a matter of fact.

The Russians will call the Galician expedition an invasion of brigands. It was an invasion of patriots; but of so hopeless a character that one may question, not merely the prudence but the propriety, in a moral point of view, of having organised and sent it forth. There certainly is a point at which insurrection becomes something more horrible than madness, and more pitiable than folly; and it seems to me that this point is reached when a few handfuls of untrained men are encouraged to march against a strong army, in immense provinces, where the vast majority of the inhabitants are hostile to the cause the assailants wish to assert and defend. Indeed, in such a case as this attack upon the governing power in the Polish provinces of the south-east, I do not see how the word 'insurgent' can with any justice be used at all; for in Volhynia, Po-

dolia, and the Ukraine, there has been no insurrection, but only slight disturbances, followed by hideous massacres committed by the barbarous upon the civilised portion of the population. Had it been possible for the three detachments of the combined expedition to execute a sudden, simultaneous attack upon Radziwilow, the town, which does not appear to have contained more than 1,000, or at the utmost 1,200 troops, might have been taken, as any German town near Galicia might have been taken under similar circumstances. But Radziwilow could not have been held, and as soon as the Poles marched into the interior they would have been surrounded and cut to pieces. The object, however, of the expedition into Volhynia was not to gain possession of the province (which every one knew to be impossible), but simply to make a political demonstration, and to prove to Europe what Europe never doubted, but may begin to doubt now—that Volhynia, Podolia, and the province (not the city) of Kieff, are as much Polish as all the other portions of territory into which Poland was forcibly divided at the end of the eighteenth

century. If such a question was to be decided by force then it is now decided against the Poles. If, on the other hand, it was not to be decided by force, nor by the will of an ignorant and perverted majority (an argument which even the democratic Poles must now fall back upon), I cannot see on what ground the invasion of Volhynia can possibly be defended, for there is not a man in Poland whose opinions his friends would listen to on any ordinary political subject who did not know that it would lead to a terrible disaster. Before the expedition started I asked half a dozen proprietors of Volhynia—some of them men who had fled the province for their lives or for the lives of their families—what chance the expedition would have. The answer was always the same. The expedition could do no good, and it would be a fortunate thing if it did not lead to a general massacre of the Catholic Polish nobility by the Russo-Greek Ruthenian peasantry.

CHAPTER VII.

GALICIAN-VOLHYNIAN FRONTIER: JULY, 1863.

In spite of terrible proofs to the contrary, the Poles still maintained that the Ruthenian peasantry would join them in the end, and that in order to gain their support it was only necessary to appear among them in great force. The insurrection in Volhynia had, it was said, failed in the first instance simply and solely because the long-meditated expedition from Galicia had not been ready to enter the province (as according to the plan of the National Government it should have done) while the insurrection was going on. It was resolved to try again, and this time to begin from without. The entrance of a strong, well-officered corps from Galicia was to be the signal for all the intending insurgents in Volhynia to rise, but the rising was, of course, not to take

place until the Galician corps had advanced some distance into the interior.

The scheme for invading Volhynia from Galicia was in some respects well conceived. The frontier was to have been crossed simultaneously at three points. Wysocki, with 1,200 men, was to have marched upon Radziwilow in front, while Horodycki and Minniewski, each with 650, were to have attacked it on the right and left. A day or two afterwards Wiszniewski was to have entered Volhynia farther north than Minniewski, and close to the right bank of the river Bug, while Rozyçki, one of the best leaders who has yet appeared, was to have penetrated into the same province farther south than Horodycki and near the frontier of Podolia. Finally, another officer was to have taken a detachment of cavalry into Podolia itself, and thus from Podolia to Lublin, and along the whole line of the Galician-Volhynian frontier, the Russians would have been attacked; and though some of the detachments were sure to be destroyed it was thought certain that others would succeed in advancing far into the interior of Volhynia, and that once there they would either gain the

active support of the peasants or at least show themselves strong enough to insure their respect and, to a certain extent, their assistance. The chief appointed to direct the combined movement was General Wysocki, formerly the commander of the Polish Legion in Hungary, and the title given to him by the National Government was 'General Commanding in the Province of Lublin and in the Ruthenian Provinces.'

On the day fixed for the commencement of this important movement, in which, had all gone well, some 4,000 men would have been engaged, it was found that only two detachments, those of General Wysocki himself and of Colonel Horodycki, his immediate supporter on the right, were ready to start. This unreadiness could be attributed to no want of foresight on the part of the commissaries of the expedition. Arms had been purchased and confiscated, purchased and confiscated again, for three times the number of men composing the expedition; and, although many of these men were arrested and imprisoned, it turned out at the last moment that there were more insurgents than there were arms for them to carry. Fresh seizures

of rifles, bayonets, and revolvers were made on Sunday night and early on Monday morning; and on Monday afternoon, when Wysocki's and Horodycki's detachments were summoned to the woods, it was found impossible to equip for the field more than 750 of the former and 450 of the latter.

Staying in Eastern Galicia, I had witnessed the preparations made for the departure of these detachments for some weeks beforehand, and was much impressed by the unanimity and mutual confidence existing among and between all classes, except the very lowest, without which it would have been impossible ever to have got them to the frontier. I knew beforehand that the orders of the National Government were obeyed by the Poles in all parts of Poland; but it was something to *see* them obeyed, and something more to see the national cause systematically aided without any orders on the subject being transmitted at all. The rich have given willingly (and sometimes unwillingly) a great deal towards the expenses of the insurrection; but, as far as my observation goes, I am inclined to think that the poor, according to their means, have

given more. I never heard any poor man make such a remark, but, on the contrary, have heard it generally acknowledged that the great proprietors in Poland have done their best, as far as money contributions are concerned.

However, I found insurgents staying in the houses of the poor, as well as in those of the rich, and treated with a sort of paternal affection everywhere. Indeed the kindness and hospitality shown to all classes and conditions of men who called themselves insurgents were, if anything, carried to excess, for many persons received and entertained strangers on the understanding that they belonged to the Volhynian expedition, but without having any positive proof of the fact. Even the German officials in some places were touched by this general confidence, and when ordered to institute a 'revision' would give a hint beforehand that at such an hour their arrival might be expected. Then the men would go into the woods, the horses would be taken out of the stables and sent into the fields, while the saddles and bridles were buried in the garden. I have seen packets of saddles and boxes of arms

left at a house without any notification as to where they came from, or whither they were to be sent. In such cases the man who took them in put them in a place of safety, and a few days afterwards would receive a line of writing, or, more generally, a message by word of mouth, telling him to forward them to some house a few miles nearer the frontier. If the whole country (with the exception of the peasants) did not form one general association for promoting the interests of Poland, this unbounded trust from Pole to Pole would soon lead to the exposure and frustration of all the national schemes. As it is they are carried out up to a certain point, and have never once broken down from any bad faith or from want of faith on the part of those called upon to assist in executing them.

The district in which I was staying was filled with insurgents, appointed for the most part to the central detachment under the immediate command of Wysocki. Many of them belonged to the emigration, and had abandoned the little positions which, after many years striving, they had contrived to obtain in England, or more generally

in France, in order to see their country once more and strike one more blow on its behalf. 'The young men here are admirable,' they said, 'sacrificing themselves for a cause which is a very desperate one if we are never to be assisted from abroad. As for us it does not matter. We are old fellows, and would rather die in Poland than anywhere else; and then we have not led the sort of life which attaches men to this world.' One, an old soldier of the Polish army, told me that he had been for thirteen years working at a desk in an insurance office, and that he was not sorry to get a little fresh air and have an opportunity of riding on horseback. Another, an officer of the same army, had been keeping a shop, and was making humorous speculations as to how in his absence the business would be carried on. A third saw his native land for the first time, and was saying 'what nice people the Poles were.' This gentleman was full of the historical reminiscences of Cracow, whence he had just arrived, and I ventured to ask him how he felt on seeing that the funeral-mound of Kosciusko had been converted into a fort. He said that, on the whole,

he felt pleased, as such insults served to remind the Poles constantly of their intolerable position.

Among the insurgents belonging to Wysocki's corps I found a young lady so timid and so afraid of being looked upon as a wonder that she kept herself in almost perpetual seclusion, but so brave that on the day of battle she insisted on being placed in the first line, and greatly distinguished herself in the action. Her relations had done their utmost to persuade and even force her to remain at home, but she threatened to commit suicide if she were detained, and they feared that she might keep her word. She had changed her name from 'Marya' to 'Maryan' (the Christian name of Langiewicz), and was known in her company as 'Panna Maryan,' or, as Englishmen, if they had met her in the woods, would have called her, 'Maid Marian.' Maid Marian has now returned to her family, and I am sorry to have to add that this prodigal daughter—prodigal, at least, in acts of daring—is badly wounded.

I had been told that early on Sunday morning some one would call for me and drive me some-

where in the middle of a wood, where I should meet some friends, who would then show me where the detachment in which they were to serve was concealed, and enable me to accompany it on its march towards Radziwilow. The person expected came at the appointed time, mentioned a name, and then, instead of taking me to the heart of the forest, drove me through a beautiful woodland country to the house of a neighbouring proprietor, where, besides the host, I found one of the chief promoters of the expedition, two of the principal officers of Horodycki's corps, and a few other insurgents lying down on the lawn, and smoking. One of the officers took out the map of the country about to be entered (it was a photographic print from the private map of the Russian Staff), and pointed out to me the place of assembly in the forest, the spot at which the frontier was to be crossed, and the road by which it was intended to advance upon Radziwilow. Discussions on the interminable insoluble Polish question, together with pistol shooting, fencing, and other warlike amusements, filled up the time until dinner; after which the officers went singly to

visit our first place of encampment, and came back with the alarming news that an Austrian patrol had been seen hovering about the spot where most of the arms lay buried.

In the evening a 'revision' was announced. The house was cleared of insurgents, and two very suspicious-looking cases were placed where the police were likely to find them. One was empty. The other was labelled 'Vin de Bordeaux,' and contained wine. All through the night messengers were continually arriving, and the first news in the morning was that the arms had been seized, that the labour of three months had been lost, and that the expedition could not start. Ultimately it was discovered that about a hundred rifles had been taken, but that there was still nearly three hundred in a place of comparative safety. The question was raised as to whether it would be advisable to postpone the departure of the expedition until more arms could be procured, but it was soon decided not to risk, by further delay, the seizure of the whole stock.

At last, early on Monday afternoon, we got into a cart, built without springs for the same sort of

reason for which Highlanders are said not to wear trousers, and went into the wood. Turning from the high road into a cross road, from the cross road into a lane, and from the lane into a private path, we came, after many windings, to a little glade, where the long grass had been crushed and flattened as if by a roller. The former presence of human beings in this sequestered spot was indicated by an old boot, which Hoby would have disavowed, and a cask containing gin—from which, as it was not yet empty, it was presumed that the insurgents could not be far distant. They were so well concealed, however, that, although we had good guides (including one of the forest-keepers of the estate), it was not easy to find them. At last we burst upon a band of brothers, who were engaged in the difficult and to them evidently novel occupation of trying on boots. The boot so contemptuously abandoned in the first halting-place had apparently been the only one among some thirty men. The major was answering questions on all sorts of subjects from boots upwards, and was at the same time superintending a distribution

of pistols, which, being larger than any pistols ever seen before or afterwards out of a pantomime, looked very terrible, and produced (as they were intended to do) a fine and healthy effect on the Ruthenian village population.

The peasants looked a good deal scared as the insurgents marched through the fields, but were soon reassured, or pretended to be, when a few words were spoken to them in kindness. Of attacking or molesting the insurgents in any way there was, of course, no thought, more particularly as the half-detachment, consisting of two hundred men, looked in the moonlight, as it straggled along in double file, like a much larger force, and was pronounced by impartial spectators to be at least a thousand strong. Two peasants, however, were overheard whispering that they had a great mind to go off and tell the Austrians. They were arrested, asked if they wanted to be hanged, and, replying in the negative, were told how to avoid that fate so far as it was likely to be inflicted upon them by their Polish compatriots.

They were then put into a cart and driven along after the detachment, and were not liberated until

everything had been made ready for crossing the frontier.

We marched during nearly all the first night, passing from the moonlight into the darkness of the dense woods, where nothing but glowworms, and here and there in the insurgent column the light of a cigar, could be seen, and then again into the moonlight, until at last we came to a river, or mountain stream (running down from the Carpathians), and sat down by the side of the waters and supped. Most persons said that it was one of the best suppers they had ever had (of many poor fellows it was the last); and the breakfast to which a select number were invited was also much admired, especially some tea-soup made in a saucepan, and served out in saucepan-lids, wine glasses and wooden ladles.

During the halt, of which advantage was taken to eat a hurried breakfast, Horodycki, the commander of the detachment, joined us, bringing with him 200 infantry and from forty to fifty cavalry. The rifles, bayonets, and scythes were now disinterred, or pulled out of their hiding places in the brushwood, and I found that this particular

batch had all been concealed at about twenty paces' distance from a public road running through the middle of the wood. The Austrians had not found them because they had been hidden where the Austrians were sure not to think of looking for them.

As we were about to go away from the cottage where we had taken our early tea, a plain and shrill-voiced woman came out and complained that her husband had deserted her in order to go and fight the Russians. It was impossible not to understand that he had chosen the least of two evils. The poor man, who preferred his country to his wife, and death to his home, was in the cavalry, and now galloped to the front and was soon out of sight, and I hope out of hearing. Afterwards another patriot was pointed out to me who had deliberately abandoned his family, leaving them in great want, and all on the plea that he loved his native land. The great majority of the infantry, however, could have had nothing to leave. They were men who were evidently steeped in dishonourable poverty, and, when one of their officers afterwards told me that he had seen swarms of men like them lounging about

Whitechapel, Whitechapel was calumniated. One minor disadvantage of employing such men is that it is disagreeable, and even painful, for decent persons to remain in their neighbourhood. It must be with the view of avoiding them that so many of the sons of the proprietors go into the cavalry, which, composed as it is of all sorts of horses and all sorts of riders, is utterly useless, except for the service of the camp, and is scarcely ever employed in action. I saw that some of the new comers were quite dispirited at the idea of having such riffraff for their comrades, and one of the officers, noticing the fact, said to me, 'These young men have come to the camp under the impression that they would find every one here as good as themselves. I wish such were the case, but we must do our best, and we will try to make soldiers of them all when we get on the other side of the frontier.'

As for the officers, they were all men who had seen plenty of service in foreign armies, or who had distinguished themselves in the present Polish insurrection. Horodycki, the chief of the detachment, will be remembered by persons familiar with

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the incidents of the Hungarian war of 1848–9 as having defended the bridge and the passage of the canal at Temesvar against an overpowering force while the Hungarian army was effecting its retreat. Major Horodycki lost half his battalion, but he succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay. He was a simple, straightforward man, a good deal sterner than the majority of Poles, and apparently not much given to seeing visions. Accordingly I could not help attaching importance to his words when about half an hour before he crossed the frontier he began speaking to me about the general prospects of the insurrection. He had been occupied all day in giving directions on one subject or another, and now, at half-past nine in the evening, sat down to take some refreshment. He had a little claret in his flask, and before drinking part of it wished prosperity to England, and said how glad he was to find that the English had so much sympathy for Poland. I answered that, although this sympathy existed, and was sincerely felt, it was by no means certain that it would lead to a declaration of war against Russia. He replied that the time for interven-

tion had not yet come; that he had never expected there would be any intervention before the spring; and that before then the Poles would make such efforts and prove themselves so strong that we should not refuse to give them a helping hand, and that no more would be necessary.

I do not think Horodycki shared the opinion of some of his countrymen as to the good will of the peasants towards the insurrection. At least, he turned some Ruthenian peasants out of the camp who had come there with gifts of fresh butter, sheep's-milk cheese, and potted cream. He feared these Greek Catholics *et dona ferentes*, and said, when I asked him whether their offering was not a good sign, 'They are with us now that we are here, they will be with our enemies when we are gone. I know them, and have sent them away.' I must add that a Ruthenian priest and his wife brought something more than butter and cheese; they brought their nephew. This was a testimony of sympathy which could not be mistaken, and the young man was accepted with thanks and sent across the frontier. Several ladies also visited the camp, and so inundated the place

with strawberries and cream that Horodycki, fearing no doubt that discipline would be relaxed and the forest of Nakwasha converted into a Capua, turned back and gave orders that no more women should be suffered to approach.

Then Horodycki had to preside at a trial, and though there was no execution I saw the executioner. A certain cavalry man, who spoke Polish, Russian, German, and French very imperfectly, and swore from time to time in what was supposed to be a sort of Moldavian *patois*, had got drunk on the march, and used his sabre in lieu of a riding whip. When remonstrated with, he said it was all right, and at the same time broke his weapon over the back of the unhappy beast ridden by the man who had dared to interfere with him. Sage beneath the Polish beech—in the notorious position of Tityrus *sub tegmine fagi*—reclined the chieftain when the culprit was brought before him in the custody of two sentinels and a third person, who I was given to understand had the functions of Provost-Marshal assigned to him. Outward appearances were decidedly against the offender, and when Horodycki drew himself up on

the grass, looked at the broken blade, and began to expatiate on his crime, I thought his last hour had arrived. The sentence, however, passed on the prisoner was simply that he should be turned out of the detachment. He entreated so earnestly to be allowed to remain that I thought he must be begging for his life, and ultimately the chief told him to go and lie down and get sober—the first part of which injunction was faithfully performed.

The second officer, the major commanding the infantry, was Synkiewicz, son of the historian of that name, and captain in the army of the kingdom of Italy. Synkiewicz, without knowing his country from personal observation, had fallen in love with it through imagination; but he said that he found the Poles what he had always imagined them to be. Some of the Poles do, indeed, come up to the ideal which their warmest admirers have formed of them, and these were the men that Major Synkiewicz habitually associated with. This does not alter the fact that the greater part of the detachment consisted of persons whom honest scavengers would have had a right to despise. It would have been inspiriting

to many persons, but to me was saddening, to see the delight with which this officer looked forward to the hour fixed for entering Volhynia—for I knew that he must die there, or come back disheartened. He would not allow that anything was wrong in the detachment. If some one said that the arms were a little clumsy, he replied that the greatest battles of modern times had been gained with arms not nearly so good. As to the men, they were not prepossessing in appearance, but would know how to fight. As to numbers, if four hundred and fifty men were really determined to cut their way through an opposing force, they could do it, however large that force might be. As he was talking to me about the Opera, and of the invigorating effect which music, or even the recollection of music, had upon him, I said it was a pity (as it really was) that Mario could not see his costume, which was a sort of intelligent first tenor's version of the Garibaldian make-up. He was told that the Russians would be sure to pick him off; but he replied that he wished to be conspicuous for the sake of his men, and that the Russians, if they

aimed at him, would not hit him. They, however, sent a bullet through his long, chestnut-coloured beard, when he was inside Radziwilow, and afterwards brought his horse down—an unpleasant animal, which in the darkness of night it was all but impossible to saddle, and which ought not to be regretted.

'Good-bye,' said Synkiewicz, as he mounted his beast; 'the Russians are close at hand. We shall attack them at three, and be in Radziwilow at four.' I said I would look for him there. 'Don't do anything of the kind,' he replied, 'until you are quite sure the place is ours; and remember that we may be in the place one hour, and out of it the next.'

The first half of the detachment, consisting of two companies of infantry and an advanced guard of cavalry, had already been taken across the frontier by Captain Tchorszewski, an officer who served with Horodycki in Hungary, and who was attached to the British head-quarters during the Crimean war. Captain Jagninski, another of Horodycki's comrades in Hungary, took charge of the second half, and was accompanied by Horodycki and

Synkiewicz. The rearguard (cavalry) followed some hours afterwards, under the direction of a Polish officer, late of the Russian army. The night, which, like the first night of the march, had been brilliantly beautiful until ten o'clock, suddenly darkened, just as the detachment was ordered to cross; and the rearguard went over the frontier in the midst of thunder, lightning, and such torrents of rain that after the lapse of a minute the dense wood afforded no protection whatever against it. The last man to leave was an enterprising and watchful Hungarian servant, who had brought nothing into the camp but an old horse with a piece of rope tied round his nose, and who galloped out on a magnificent charger, splendidly arrayed and equipped, and brandishing a long sabre.

We had had one alarm in the afternoon, when the outposts were attacked, and a general call to arms ordered, but without being followed by a regular engagement. Now, as the rearguard left the wood, it was fired upon by a party of Cossacks, and at the same time a messenger reached us from the Galician side with the news that the Austrians at Podkamin (a town about six miles

distant) had found out the position of the camp and would be in the wood soon after daylight. It was getting on towards three in the morning, but still too dark to ride, drive, or even to walk, for there was no footpath through the slush, and had there been one it would have been impossible to see it. Our position was enlivened by two of the horses having broken loose, but it was only when the lightning shone through the wood from time to time that their proceedings became particularly objectionable. At last daylight broke, and we got into peasants' carts, and were driven rapidly towards the village of Nakwasha. After us came two other carts, containing the nearly lifeless bodies of two poor fellows who had sunk under the fatigue of twenty-four hours' nearly incessant marching. We had not proceeded many yards when a horse without a rider galloped after us. Next came a mounted guide, with the news that the rearguard had been not only fired upon, but charged and routed by the Cossacks. As we had not seen this, the man was told that he lied, but he persisted in his statement, which turned out to be true.

At Nakwasha we wrung the water out of our clothes, and then made by a roundabout road for Brody to seek the detachment of Wysocki, which, however, had already crossed the frontier, and was, we were assured, in actual possession of Radziwilow. This news we soon discovered to be utterly false. Horodycki arrived in the neighbourhood of Radziwilow at daybreak. Wysocki was late, but why Horodycki advanced at once instead of waiting for Wysocki, and why Wysocki waited two hours close to the frontier instead of advancing at once, has never been well explained.

It appears now that the 800 Russians who, after a desperate fight, drove Horodycki's little detachment out of the town, and completely routed it, were the same men who afterwards fought Wysocki and ultimately compelled him to cross the frontier. The Polish papers estimate the number of Russians who took part in these battles at several thousands. I say 800 on the authority of one of the Polish functionaries of Radziwilow. A Polish officer in the Austrian battalion, stationed at Brody, thinks there were 900. An insurgent, who was inside

Radziwilow and by the side of Horodycki when he fell, tells me that the Russians drawn up in the market-place numbered only 500; but there were many more concealed in the houses. On the other hand, Horodycki had only about three hundred men, armed with very inferior rifles, to oppose to this force. Of the four hundred and fifty in the wood, some thirty or forty of the most ill-conditioned had bolted when the outposts were attacked. Synkiewicz sent away about an equal number as unfitted for the desperate work before them. The rearguard had been dispersed on crossing the frontier, and the rest of the cavalry could not be employed inside Radziwilow.

Of the officers I have mentioned Horodycki and Jagninski are known to have been killed. Tchorszewski never returned. Synkiewicz, after two narrow escapes, had to take refuge in a large pond or lake, where he remained for eight hours, while the peasants, who had been pursuing him, stood on the banks armed with scythes, ready to murder him if he ventured to return to dry land. The major had swum to a little island of mud, and there remained concealed among rushes and weeds,

until he at last thought of taking his Italian hat off, sending it floating along the water. Then the peasants thought their victim was drowned, and went home to dinner.

The last I heard of the gallant Major Synkiewicz, was from a young lady (not to be confounded with 'Maid Marian') who is among the wounded in one of the hospitals at Brody. She told me that she was lying on the ground in a wood, when 'an Italian,' to her amazement, came out of the water close by, and helped to get her to the frontier. She said that 'the Italian' spoke Polish very imperfectly, and that he was the major who commanded the infantry in Horodycki's detachment.

CHAPTER VIII.

GALICIAN-VOLHYNIAN FRONTIER: JULY, 1863.

WITH all the admiration which I sincerely feel for the Langiewiczs, Frankowskis, Narbutts, Padlewskis, Lelewels, Horodyckis, Glisczinskis, and so many other noble-minded soldiers who have given dignity to the Polish movement, and who are now for the most part in prison or in the grave, there is one class of Polish insurgents which I confess I cannot stand at all.* These are the men and boys who are to the true patriots of the insurrection what youths who enter regular armies for the sake of the uniform are to true

* Revolution does not 'open a career to talent' alone. It also makes the path easy for impostors of various kinds. The last Polish insurrection, though not a revolution, possessed a certain revolutionary character, and one of the effects of the general ferment that took place in Polish society, was to bring a great deal of scum to the surface.

soldiers. For six weeks you may see them strutting about the streets, and talking loud in the coffee-houses of Cracow and Lemberg, proud of their martial bearing, very proud indeed of their boots, and boasting of all sorts of things that they are going to do, but have not yet done. Houses are open to them, which at other times and under other circumstances they would not be allowed to enter, they have only to say that they are going into the cavalry to have excellent horses placed at their disposal, and there is scarcely anything they may not get by asking for it or hinting that they are in need of it.

Then they are allowed to pay, and even themselves receive an undue amount of attention from women, for the Polish ladies look upon patriotism as the first virtue, and are too patriotic themselves to imagine that those insurgents who are the most ferocious when they are a hundred miles from the frontier, can be among the mildest when they find themselves in presence of the enemy, and that while the bravest and most pure-minded men in Poland are literally sacrificing themselves beneath the Russian sword in

the supposed interest of their country, these theatrical personages are sniffing the battle very far off, and gracefully lounging on the Austrian barrier at least a mile from the scene of action. On the morning of the invasion of Volhynia, when Horodycki's detachment had already been defeated, the chief organiser of the combined expedition arrested in my presence more than twenty of these faint-hearted patriots as they were hurrying past him from Wysocki's detachment towards the Galician frontier. They had not the slightest idea who this gentleman was, but he threatened to report them to the National Government, took their names down, stopped new skulkers one by one as they came up, and did it all in such a tone of decision and with such an air of authority that when he ordered them to form, and marched them to a convenient little nook in the side of the wood which lines the road to Radziwilow, they proceeded like lambs to the ambuscade from which, if the opportunity presented itself, they, with some eighty more who afterwards joined them, were to fire upon the Russians. Then, as the Russians did not leave

the excellent cover they had found in a field of standing corn, and as Wysocki continued firing upon them from his position in the wood, the insurgents who had modestly retired from the front of the battle, soon became lions again, and boasted how they had held their ground to the last, and how the rest of their company had been destroyed, and they alone had lived to tell the story, which they certainly told in the nursery sense of the word. One of these heroes declared to me that at the beginning of the engagement he had brought down a Russian at 500 paces, and I really believe, if he fired at all, that it was at a considerable distance. Altogether I am sure they were convinced that they had done great things, and that they had fairly paid for their two or three months' military glory, taken on credit, by remaining five minutes under fire.

I must now explain that among the easily appeased insurgents who were twenty hours making their zigzag march from their encampment in the woods near the frontier to the frontier itself, and who were 'back again' from the front of the Radziwilow wood and within easy reach of the

Austrian barrier in about ten minutes, there was not one who could, by any cunning process, have been disguised as a gentleman, or who looked like a respectable apprentice, or an honest workman. The men of these classes, or this class—for, in considering its military merits, one need not divide it according to ordinary social distinctions—are lying in numbers in the hospitals and churchyards of Radziwilow and Brody, while the peaceful boasters are, no doubt, fighting their unfought battles over again in the taverns of Lemberg.

It must be sweet, if not altogether decorous, to enjoy the reputation of being ready to die for one's country without ever running the slightest risk, to walk surrounded by a shade of glory while carefully avoiding the substance of actual peril. But these cunning dogs, who aim at the shadow and get it, and keep to it, are often difficult to recognise beforehand, for there are insurgents who brag and run away, and insurgents who brag and make the enemy run away. Indeed, the chaff of the insurrection cannot always be sifted beforehand from the corn; but the

wind of battle soon separates it, and, as a considerable quantity of it was blown the other day just before my eyes, I cannot help mentioning, as a faithful chronicler, that the chaff exists, and that it is very dirty chaff indeed. For these theatrical personages are, after all, not the worst members of the Polish insurrection, and, at least, the recruiting agents cannot be blamed for accepting them. Some are as brave as can be, others are as brave as ordinary men, and if a certain number of the military street-walkers of Cracow and Lemberg run away, whenever they are seriously attacked, and have a fair chance of escaping to the Galician frontier, it may be that they would not do so if the insurgent regiments were better disciplined.

But what is to be said of the gentlemen without boots or shirts, and who come to the insurgent camps clothed in rags and vermin? And is there any excuse for making brave officers risk their lives and reputations in endeavouring to lead such miserable creatures — the refuse of the Polish towns—against Russian troops who are no more 'demoralised' in Volhynia than they were in the Crimea? At the risk of diminishing the distant

glories of what is called the Volhynian insurrection, I cannot help saying—simply and solely from sympathy for the courageous and devoted men who have been killed, wounded, or, if not wounded in a physical sense, utterly disheartened by the result of the Galician invasion—that this attempt to bring a rising about in a province where it was next to impossible was utterly unjustifiable. The Poles would have undoubtedly a right to try and get back their ancient provinces by force from the Russians if they had any chance of succeeding in such an endeavour. But the chances of success were not simply more or less against them; it was a positive certainty that they would fail, and fail in the most disastrous manner. If they had taken Radziwilow they could not have held it. If they had marched into the interior they would soon have been surrounded and cut to pieces. If, before coming to that inevitable end, they had got a number of Polish proprietors to join them, then the peasants would have been let loose, and we should have heard of fresh massacres and of newly emancipated Ruthenian serfs proving their love for Poland by flaying and cutting out the eyes of Poles.

Even if Volhynia had been eager for insurrection, whereas, as far as I can learn from the statements of numerous proprietors from different parts of the province, the general wish was that it should be let alone, and be allowed to limit its part in the Polish movement to paying a very large portion of the expenses—even then the men who were sent into Volhynia were, taking them altogether, quite unfit for the difficult and dangerous work assigned to them, and any man with eyes could have seen at a glance that many of them were fit for nothing in the world.

'I thought,' said one of Wysocki's captains when I went to visit him in the hospital at Brody, where he was lying with a bullet in his leg, 'I thought I should have found the same sort of men fighting here that I found in Hungary when I was in the Polish legion. It was too bad to give me such *rubbish* to command.'

'If you could have seen your men beforehand,' I inquired, 'would you have left England and your wife and family to take charge of such soldiers?'

'Of course not,' he replied. 'It is no use trying to lead men who cannot be got to follow. I

was not merely disappointed, but disgusted, when I saw what material I had to deal with.'

'What class of men had you in your company?' I continued. 'Do you think I could call them vagabonds?'

'Well, they were covered with lice, and were the sort of persons that you might find in swarms for any sort of work in Whitechapel. I should think "vagabonds" just the word for them.'

'And how long did they remain under fire?' I asked.

'Not long. I was hit about twenty minutes after the battle had begun, and already half my company had got away. I had only forty men left. When I was carried to the rear, I believe they followed me. People will be abusing the General,' he went on to say, 'but he did his best, and the officers, and a portion of the men, did their best to support him. The first and fourth companies were the only ones that did any real fighting. The two others had so many bad men among them that, taken altogether, they were quite worthless.'

Another distinguished officer, who had taken

part in all the great Italian battles, from Novara to Solferino, and who tried hard to persuade himself that the men he had to lead to the invasion of Volhynia might turn out first-rate soldiers, hinted to me at the last moment, that, considering they had, for the most part, never been under fire, and that they had not even learned to march, and certainly did not understand the use of the rifle—he might have some trouble in keeping them together if the Russians attacked them in any force. To send a good officer into action with such men, was like sending a good sailor to sea in a leaky ship.

As no one who took part in the Galician expedition received any pay, it is rather difficult, at first thought, to understand why any but true patriots joined it. It seemed to me at Cracow, at Lemberg, and at various country houses in Eastern Galicia, where I met insurgents under orders for Volhynia, that Wysocki would have an army under his orders really worthy of the name; that the soldiers would be of the same class or classes as the great bulk of our volunteers, while I knew that the officers were for the most part Poles who

had proved their worth in foreign armies, and who were now about to fight, not for Hungary or Italy, but for their own native land. A force so composed, however small, might have done great things. It might even have leavened a much larger force; but I had reckoned without the ragamuffins, who met my eyes for the first time in the woods, and who were past leavening. These curious patriots are the sort of men that no one sees anywhere—though, as Captain ——, with a fine knowledge of London life, remarked, they may be hunted out in the slums of Whitechapel, and I think might also be discovered in the haunts of the *voyous* who infest the Parisian faubourgs. They were without pay, certainly, but then their great object is not to grow rich, it is simply to live idle. As for danger, there is not much danger in going into battle if you keep in a wood and run away directly the firing seriously begins. They receive money, too, for their travelling expenses; are provided week after week and month after month with gratuitous lodging, food, drink, and tobacco; are supplied before they go—for five minutes—into action with boots and shirts,

which, when they run away, they are not expected to return, and altogether lead the kind of life which a mean and cowardly 'vagabond' would enjoy. Between the Galician rabble who betrayed their officers before Radziwilow, and who now accuse General Wysocki of having betrayed *them*, and the twelve Lithuanian gentlemen who supported the wounded Narbutt in front of the battle until he and they were shot down, there is just the difference which exists between baseness and heroism; and I am almost inclined to add (in spite of many admirable exceptions) between the patriotism of the Galicians in general and the patriotism of the Lithuanians in general. No one says that the Galicians are bound to endeavour to drive the Russians out of Volhynia; but if they make the attempt they should make it in a becoming manner, and, for the sake of the men who mean to fight, abstain from sending as their supporters men who are not likely to do anything but run away. An insurrection of 'a whole country,' minus the immense body of the peasantry who are too unpatriotic, and the holders of landed property, who are too prudent to fight,

is nothing less than an absurdity. When the peasantry have forgotten their servile condition, and have received some measure of education, they will perhaps become as good Poles as their superiors. Otherwise, there is no hope for Poland. The only chance the Poles have of obtaining help from abroad depends on their ability to help themselves. I believe the expedition to Volhynia was undertaken at the suggestion of Polish advisers in Paris. Of course they meant well—who does not? They were convinced that there would be an intervention, and thought it desirable that, throughout Russian Poland, armed protests should be made against the Russian rule. The protest in Volhynia was so weak, that, for the sake of the Poles themselves, it ought never to have been thought of.

CHAPTER IX.

WARSAW: SEPTEMBER, 1863.

THE throwing of the so-called Orsini shell, the sacking of the Zamoyski house and palace, the exasperation of the inhabitants of Warsaw, the savage attitude of the Russian soldiers, and the possible consequences of this species of collision between Russians and Poles in the Polish capital, are still almost the only subjects of conversation in Warsaw. Of the 300 persons arrested in the two immense buildings belonging to Count Zamoyski, and of which one is inhabited by the Count's family, a few have now been set at liberty. Among the number is Prince Thaddeus Lubomirski, President of the Benevolent Society of Warsaw, and author of several highly esteemed works on the early history of Poland. The Prince was engaged in preparing a new edition of *Dlugosz*—better

known by his Latinised name of Dlugossius, and by the Latin equivalent for his name, Longinus—and had in his possession all the most celebrated manuscript copies of the work. These manuscripts, independently of their literary importance, as having been made directly from the original, were magnificent specimens of illuminated writing, and invaluable as heirlooms to the families from whose libraries Prince Lubomirski had borrowed them. They were of no use to the Russian soldiers, who could neither make them into *papirosses* nor into pipe lights. Could they have understood their value, they might of course have kept them back, and ultimately have sold them for large sums to their legitimate owners; but as it is, no trace can be found of them, and it appears certain that they must have been consumed in the glorious bonfire the flames of which were fed by Chopin's piano, and into which the best numismatic collection in Poland was thrown. A whole museum of ancient coins and medals, a whole library of ancient manuscripts, and the favourite instrument of one of the most graceful and poetical of composers, afforded such a variety of materials for destruction as

barbarians have seldom been fortunate enough to meet with in two ordinary dwelling-houses. Chopin's piano had become the property of his sister, whose husband is now in the citadel. The numismatic collection belonged to Prince Lubomirski, whose suite of apartments has been completely emptied of all its literary and artistic treasures.

Count Andrew Zamoyski's son is strictly confined in the citadel. The Count himself, as every one knows, has been in exile since the time when he was suspected of intending to present an illegal address to the Grand Duke Constantine. The papers of the Agricultural Society, of which Count Zamoyski was President, have been destroyed. So also have those of the Vistula Steamboat Company, which was founded by Count Zamoyski, and of which, since his exile, the affairs have been carried on under the general superintendence of his son Count Stanislas. A large sum, in bank-notes and other securities, was taken or somehow lost during the sacking of the Zamoyski palace. The notes and bills are supposed to have

escaped the flames, for the numbers are advertised in the Warsaw papers and payment of them stopped —by whose authority does not appear. The value of the two vast edifices confiscated, which cover an immense space of ground in the very heart of the city, and contained 2,000 residents (1,500 in the 'house' and 500 in the 'palace') is estimated at 8,000,000 Polish florins, or in English money, 200,000*l.*

Another great loser by the sacking of the Zamoyski house is Professor Kowalewski, whose losses will not be felt by himself alone. Professor Kowalewski was one of the most learned Orientalists of the day, and the manuscripts of which he has been plundered, and which in all probability shared the fate of the Dlugosz histories, are said to have been of the highest importance. Almost every man of distinction in Poland has been exiled or imprisoned for proving himself a Pole, and the eminently Polish part of Kowalewski's life began when he was quite a child. He was one of the companions and intimate friends of the poet Mickiewicz at the University of Wilna, and with Mickiewicz was arrested and thrown into prison

charged with belonging to a society formed by the students for the maintenance of the Polish language and literature. In the drama in which Mickiewicz has portrayed the sufferings of the Wilna students, under the mild government of Alexander I., the young Kowalewski figures as 'Joseph'—his Christian name. When Mickiewicz was sent to the Crimea and began to write his Crimean sonnets, Kowalewski was exiled to the extreme east of the Russian Empire, and applied himself to the study of the Siberian languages. He was then intrusted by the Russian Government with a mission to China, and was afterwards appointed to a professorship at the University of Kazan, where the Oriental languages are specially cultivated. When the University of Warsaw, after having remained closed for thirty years, was reconstituted and reopened in accordance with the plan presented to the Emperor by the Marquis Wielopolski, and recommended for adoption by the Grand Duke Constantine, the Russian Government certainly did its best to collect at Warsaw the most eminent Polish professors until that time attached to the various Universities of Russia.

The Russian Government's attempts at good, however, are never successful, probably because it has no real faith in them, and therefore cannot persevere in carrying them out. It could bring together a few learned men in Warsaw for the instruction of the Polish youth, but it could not desist from irritating the Polish population in general until it had at last produced a general feeling of exasperation, in the midst of which it was next to impossible to introduce reforms in themselves highly beneficial. All that has resulted from the arrival of Kowalewski in Warsaw has been the destruction of his valuable manuscripts and books.

The whole of the library of the Zamoyski palace was burned; and pictures, pianos, looking-glasses, and other objects of furniture, decoration, and art were thrown out of window, and the fragments heaped together and set on fire. The flames rose so high that the firemen of the town hastened with the engines towards the scene of incendiarism, but were not allowed to approach.

Besides arson, the defenders of order and property indulged largely in robbery. Among the

shopkeepers established in the 'Zamoyski house,' who lost most in the general pillage, a jeweller, named Krupecki, is mentioned. He is also said to have suffered violence at the hands of those who were robbing him; but, however this may have been, he was thrown into such a state of excitement as to bring on an attack of apoplexy, from which he died the same night.* I have not seen anyone who can corroborate of his own knowledge the reports circulated as to personal outrages committed upon men, and worse still upon women, living in the upper part of the house, which from the first to the fifth floor is divided into suites of apartments. It is not very probable, however, that the 300 persons arrested and taken to the citadel were conducted there with any ceremony.

The Russian officers are said to have led their soldiers gallantly to the attack of the defenceless property and to have taken a full share of the spoil. If so, whatever the social acquirements of some of these gentlemen may be, it may be said

* See next chapter. Krupecki did not die. He lived to be exiled to Siberia.

that despotism in Russia, however much it may 'soften the manners,' develops at the same time a considerable amount of actual ferocity. In any case, the assault and the pillage were expressly ordered and directed, and accordingly, it is not the soldiers alone who ought to be held responsible for what was done. The Poles maintain that nothing was thrown or fired from the house belonging to, but not occupied by, the Zamoyski family,* and the Russians know perfectly well that the Zamoyski palace is the very last place from which it could be supposed that an attempt at assassination would be made. Indeed, it is not pretended that it was made from the latter building, only it is said now that the two buildings form but one, and, as this happens to be a simple untruth, an edict has been published ostensibly with a view to future occurrences, but in reality to give a semblance of legality to the flagrant wrong that has already been perpetrated. First, the *Official Journal* calls houses which are separate houses, and have no connection with one

* See next chapter.

another, except through the proprietor, 'the united houses;' and then the director of the police, perceiving that the falsehood of the *Official Journal* must soon be exposed, issues an order which makes proprietors of houses equally responsible with actual occupiers for whatever breaches of an improvised law may be committed within them. It would look strange in European eyes (and will have a curious appearance as it is) that Count Zamoyski, living in Paris, should be held responsible, and deprived of the greater part of his fortune, in consequence of an offence having been committed in the immediate neighbourhood of a house belonging to him in Warsaw; so to put as good a face as possible on the matter it is suddenly arranged that the punishment already inflicted upon him shall be made right and proper by a posterior order, framed, as far as possible, to suit the particular circumstances of his case.

The sacking of the Zamoyski house lasted from 6 P.M. until 10. Then, all that had not been carried away or thrown out of window and burnt

was left for the rightful owners. Probably not much jewelry remained. The Chopin piano had already been destroyed, and Professor Kowalewski is now advertising for his Oriental manuscripts in case they should have escaped the flames. The fate of books, manuscripts, pictures, and literary and artistic treasures of all kinds in Poland has not changed much for the last century. The library founded by the Zaluskis was plundered by the agents of that superior woman—the admiration of the writers of the period—Catherine the Great; and its contents form now the chief part of the Imperial library of St. Petersburg. There was renewed book stealing in 1830 under Nicholas, who was not over fond of literature. Now mere robbery of books has come to an end in Russian Poland, and literary arson has taken its place.

The most learned historian of modern Poland was consulted the other day as to the materials existing in the country for a life of Sobieski. Szainocha, who from excessive study has lost his sight, could only dictate in reply that abundant materials for such a work had existed in the ancient libraries of Warsaw and Cracow, but that, those

libraries having been plundered at various periods, the places richest in documents relating to the great Polish hero were not in Poland. This letter, addressed to a distinguished French Professor, was written without bitterness, and set forth the simple truth. What will Kowalewski say now if he is consulted as to the result of his five and thirty years' studies in Kazan, in the too familiar Siberia, on the confines of China, and in Pekin itself? The Russian Government exiles a boy of genius from Wilna to the far east of its empire. The boy, finding that his fate is in strange lands, studies those lands and their languages. The Russian Government, with a passing gleam of intelligence, pardons him, turns his talent to account, and finally offers him a professorship in the capital of his native country, and endeavours, when it is too late, to make it understood that if for thirty years it has proscribed all public instruction of a superior kind in Poland, it has become alive to its error at last, and at last wishes really to promote the diffusion of knowledge among those whom it had until that time sought to reduce to a state of ignorance and

apathy. Kowalewski, coming from the east, could scarcely have thought he had reached the west when he arrived in Poland. 'Is this some part of Asia?' poor Sierakowski, wounded and captive, exclaimed when the sergeant of the detachment, that was conducting him to head-quarters, asked his officer if, in case of a sudden attack, he should kill the prisoners. Asia is made responsible by the Poles for a great deal of barbarism which is unfortunately, almost as much European as it is Asiatic; but Kowalewski, as an 'Orientalist,' must really have found himself at home in Warsaw. All that he could have missed there was peace and the opportunity of pursuing his studies without getting his papers burned.

The notion of burning Chopin's piano is, I suppose, not particularly Oriental. One significant thing in the work of destruction was that no portable articles of value were sacrificed. The children of Holy Russia did not allow their divine rage to go beyond certain limits, and it was only what could not be pocketed or conveniently carried away that the avengers of disturbed order devoted to the flames.

WARSAW: OCTOBER, 1863.

A barbarous scene has just been enacted here in the courtyard of a private house, which the Russians took upon themselves to turn into a place of execution. A workman employed at the iron factory of Messrs. Evans and Co., had been arrested in the street, and found to have in his pocket some hollow knobs of iron, one inch in diameter, and which, according to some, were screws for iron bedsteads, and according to others cases for grenades, but which, by all accounts, would not, had they been filled with fulminating powder, have been at all formidable missiles. Having positively refused, after numerous interrogatories, to state for whom these possible bed screws and probable grenade cases had been made, he was ordered to be shot, and at ten o'clock yesterday morning was deliberately executed in presence of his fellow-workmen, who were summoned by the police the night before and forced to attend. The poor fellow had contravened a Russian police decree, and it is likely enough that he may have meant the bits of iron

which he carried in his pocket to be used against the men with whom his country is at war. But, however that may have been, every Pole who can read and write has aided the present insurrection against Russia in some form or other, and hence the workman convicted of having carried grenades in his pocket is justly looked upon by his fellow-citizens as a man who, in the fullest sense of the words, has suffered for his country—as a man who had done the same sort of thing that every other Pole has done, and will continue to do, but who, having been found out, had to bear the penalties consequent upon detection. The courtyard of Messrs. Evans's factory for some hours before the execution was occupied and guarded from the outside by as many as 2,000 troops, and no one was allowed to go in or out of the place after eight o'clock. The prisoner, who has left a widow and several children, put on the condemned shirt himself, and died with the greatest firmness.

Where, I wonder, will the Russians do their hanging and shooting at last? In the dining-room of an hotel before the frequenters of the *table d'hôte*, summoned to be present under pain

of being hanged or shot themselves? Or in a private apartment, in presence of the family and intimate friends of the accused? They began at the Citadel, and executed prisoners as, after due conviction, they are executed in other countries. After the infamous attempt on General Berg's life (of which, by the way, it is idle to attempt to exculpate the National Government, since the National Government wishes to be held responsible for it), they made five of the National gendarmes suffer death in the principal places of the city. Afterwards, as if in consequence of the assassination of the Russian spy, Bertholdi, at the Hôtel de l'Europe, they change their scene of execution from the public square to the courtyard of a private establishment, and apparently fail to perceive that their punishments have no longer the character of terrible acts of justice, but of horrible acts of vengeance and retaliation. They were not able to convict one of their recent victims of murder or of an evident intent to murder. The offence for which they have executed so many persons of late has been that of carrying deadly weapons or missiles supposed to be deadly. The

Russians have numbers of men in the Citadel against whom there is similar presumptive evidence of their having been connected with the insurrection, and their plan seems now to be to take the blood of one or more of those in return for every act of violence committed by the Poles. For the murder of Bertholdi, one man; for the injuries done to the Cossack, the cavalry horse, the two carriage horses and General Berg's paletot, five.

Moreover, the strange principle that heads of families are liable for the acts of their servants, and owners of factories and shops for the acts of their workmen and apprentices, is now being introduced by the Russian Government in Poland. I know cases of proprietors of estates in Lithuania being imprisoned in consequence of their servants having joined the insurrection; and three days ago a fine of 15,000 roubles was imposed on Messrs. Evans and Co., in Warsaw, on account of the aforesaid unhappy workman of theirs having been found with supposed grenade cases in his pocket. As this fine was demanded in virtue of no law (though a special police edict, applicable

to Messrs. Evans's case alone, was published after the demand had been made), payment of it was, of course, refused. This more than probable result had been foreseen, and the Government had 'deigned to command' that until the fine was paid the works should be closed. The question then arose as to what would become of 400 workmen thrown idle upon the streets of Warsaw, and exasperated at the execution, in their forced presence, of one of their fellow-workmen, whom they looked upon, not as a criminal, but as a martyr? The proprietors of the factory were told that unless they paid the fine they must close their doors, and that if they decided to close their doors, they must still pay their workmen. The reply was that the fine being unjust and founded upon no conviction, or even accusation, it would not be paid; that the factory might be shut up, but that in that case the men would receive no wages. Finally, Mr. Evans, who is in England, having been consulted by telegraph, desired that a formal protest against the whole proceedings should be entered on his behalf as an English subject, and to-night a very becoming notice appears in the

Warsaw *Police Gazette*, to the effect that there has been some mistake, and that Messrs. Evans and Co. need not pay the fine of 15,000 roubles unjustly imposed upon them.

This result leads one to ask, how it happens that the Zamoyski palace, which the Russian Government must now be convinced has no connection with the Zamoyski house, is still held as confiscated property? If bombs were thrown from the Zamoyski house, then it is not astonishing that, in accordance with a police edict published last January, the house should have been confiscated. Indeed, Governments pretending to be more civilised than the Russian Government have before now, and without any previous regulation on the subject, bombarded houses from which it had been asserted that shots had been fired upon soldiers, and, more than that, have caused every inmate to be put to death. But this sort of thing is only done, even in France, in the face of insurrection, or pretended insurrection; and the Russians do not admit the possibility of any rising in Warsaw. They seized the Zamoyski palace under the belief

that it formed one building with the Zamoyski house. They must know by this time that they had been in error on this point.

It appears that the affair between the Russian Government and Messrs. Evans is not yet at an end. As if annoyed at having had to rescind one of its orders (though a Government so equitable as that of Russia ought to remember that it is never too late to be just), it has now published a formal edict, by which all proprietors of factories and workshops are made responsible for the acts of their operatives and servants, and condemned to have their establishments summarily confiscated in case of any contraband article, such as arms, ammunition, uniforms, or military equipments of any kind, being found on their premises. To carry on business under such regulations as these is, of course, impossible. The police of Warsaw can find bullets wherever they please; but even if it were certain that they would always conduct their researches in the fairest manner, the proprietor of a factory would still be liable at any moment to be ruined, and sure to be ruined if the

Government desired it. The workmen of Warsaw began the insurrection. Numbers of them are at this moment with detachments in the field, and those who remain at their ordinary occupations are at the same time doing all they can to help the insurgents. To pretend that their actions can be constantly controlled by their employers is more than unreasonable.

The ironworks of Messrs. Evans and Co. must necessarily be closed. Polish factory owners will, it is said, not be allowed to shut up.

I find that whenever any act of tyranny is performed or meditated here the Russians turn naturally to Imperial France, and ask what the French Government would have done, or would probably do, under similar circumstances. It is a favourite boast in France that French ideas penetrate everywhere, and they certainly have penetrated here. As the Russians, when they were trying to raise themselves, demanded in their assemblies the introduction of reforms based on the principles of the English Constitution, so, now that they are degrading themselves, they inquire what in their present case the Emperor of

the French would do. 'When Napoleon's troops were fired upon from a house in December 1851, he did not content himself with arresting the inmates and bringing them to trial,' they remark; and they are now considering whether he did not, in January 1852, cause employers of labour to keep their workshops open so as to prevent disaffected artisans from being turned out idle upon the streets. It is as easy to introduce such ideas as these from France as it is to put French forage caps upon the heads of Russian soldiers—a change, by the way, which has given to the old Muscovite bear somewhat the appearance of a monkey. Some day, perhaps, when the present madness of Russia has ceased, the Russians will discover that there is something better to imitate in France than its administrative despotism, which joined to the original Russian despotism of Oriental pattern gives a result that neither East nor West can stand.

The Polish newspapers published in Warsaw never mention or allude in any manner to Polish affairs. One might imagine from the contents of these sheets that no such place as Poland existed.

On the other hand, the Russian journals which arrive here from St. Petersburg and Moscow speak with considerable freedom, and though generally, yet not always, with admiration, of what is now taking place in this unhappy country. A letter from Warsaw published in one paper, gives an account of the sacking of the Zamoyski House, which is very like the accounts printed in the foreign papers with the adjectives and adverbs left out. Thus the writer tells us that the soldiers destroyed 6,000 volumes belonging to Professor Kowalewski, and that he heard a Pole at Piotrkow say that several persons were killed during the pillage, and that an infant in its cradle was thrown out into the street from a fourth floor window. Such words as 'infamous,' 'barbarous,' &c. are not once used in the description; nor, indeed, are they necessary.

The truth, by the way, as to the cradle story is that a cradle was thrown out of window, but there was no child in it.

CHAPTER X.

WARSAW: OCTOBER,' 1863.

THE Russians in Warsaw are of opinion that the letter in the 'Times' of October 2, describing what actually took place at the sacking of the Zamoyski House and partial sacking of the Zamoyski Palace is 'horrible, shameful,' and so on. I find, indeed, that I made a mistake in saying that Krupecki, who occupied a shop on the ground floor of the Zamoyski House, had been so troubled and terrified that he was struck with apoplexy and died. I did not mention this supposed fact out of regard for Krupecki (who, if he had allowed himself to be frightened to death, would not be worthy of much pity), but because this supposed fact, curious enough in itself, was believed by persons who I knew were perfectly well informed as to the more important incidents

in connection with the work of destruction and plunder. I did not think that the generally reported stories as to murder and violation having been committed were true, and spoke of them as reports unworthy of credence. I must now add that all the women who lived in the Zamoyski House (that is to say the house belonging to Count Zamoyski, adjoining the Zamoyski Palace) were allowed to remain there for the night, and that the soldiers behaved, not outrageously nor rudely, but kindly to them on the following morning, and willingly helped them to move their luggage away. This I am told by a Polish gentleman whose relatives lost largely by the sacking, and who saw the women going away from the Zamoyski House the day afterwards. Another Pole who was taken to the citadel, but has since been liberated, assures me that the discipline of the soldiers was strict enough, and that all they did was done by order; nor did he see any of them intoxicated. The men were called out by fives, and sent five by five into the houses to throw the furniture out of the windows. The order to commence the pillage

was given by General Korff, and the order to stop it by General Bebutoff. Several pianos of inferior Viennese make were cast out and smashed to pieces by the fall. Chopin's piano, however, died hard. 'It fell,' says my informant, who knew the instrument and watched its last moments, 'with a loud melodious sigh; and I could not help admiring the solidity of Erard's workmanship,' he added, 'when I saw that only its legs were broken.' Messrs. Erard ought to advertise their pianos as specially suited for Warsaw during a state of siege.

As the male inmates of the Zamoyski House and Palace were being conducted to the citadel the soldiers who formed the escort were greatly excited and discussed the propriety of putting them forthwith to the sword. 'They are evidently a damned race, these Poles,' said one who was walking behind an acquaintance of mine. 'They are not Christians, and nothing can be done with them. The Emperor has pardoned them so often, and still they begin again. We ought to bayonet them and have done with them once and for ever.'

'No,' said another, 'they should be given over to the hangman. If we kill them we shall each have a soul to answer for. It would be better to leave the work to the executioner, but they ought all to die.'

'Silence!' interrupted an officer who had heard (as well as the prisoners) this agreeable conversation; 'remember that these are unfortunate men who have lost all they possessed;' and talking in the ranks was then put a stop to.

In short, the soldiers present at the sacking of the two houses (for if the Zamoyski Palace was not sacked in form the furniture in many of the rooms was broken to pieces, and a great quantity of plate and jewelry was stolen) showed that they were ready to make a general attack on the prisoners. The slightest inopportune occurrence might have caused their fury to explode; but, as it was, they were kept perfectly under control from the beginning to the end of the horrible and barbarous scene. The troops were convinced that the bombs had been cast from the Zamoyski House, and the Cossacks of General Berg's escort pointed, the moment after the explosion, to the

windows from which they supposed them to have come. One of the Cossacks took off his immense Circassian cap of black wool and dropped it on to a shell that had not yet exploded, and which burst in the cap without doing any harm. My informant, when he was taken outside, to be conducted to the citadel, saw the cap, which had been a good deal burnt. It would appear from this that at least some of the shells were not 'Orsini bombs' at all, but ordinary shells exploding by fusees.

The Poles in general seem convinced that some of the Russian officers took part in the pillage and pillaged on their own account. Others again, who were present, say that they saw nothing of the kind. It is certain, however, that a quantity of jewelry was stolen from the Zamoyski Palace. The Colonel who was accused of having taken a prominent part in the work of plunder and destruction, and who the day afterwards was assassinated by one of the 'national gendarmes,' was not a colonel in the army, but a colonel of police. At least one Russian officer, a captain in the Imperial Guard, behaved considerately and politely

in the affair, and when Prince Lubomirski was arrested drove the Princess immediately to the house of one of her relations. The same officer exerted himself the next day to procure the release of some of the prisoners, who, it was quite evident, could have had nothing to do with the murderous attack upon General Berg.

Rejecting and hating the theory of the Poles, that the Russians are a hopeless race against which Europe ought to turn its back, I should be glad, for that reason, to be able to contradict numerous terrible accusations brought against them which seem really to place them beyond the pale of European society. But I have seen and conversed with men who have been wounded and mutilated by them unarmed. I know a Pole who brought to a hospital in Galicia a wounded insurgent into whose bleeding breast earth had been stuffed, and I also know a Pole who was beaten in the Warsaw citadel until he fainted. On the other hand, Krupecki did not die of apoplexy after the seizure of his property, and only one (and not, as generally reported, two) of

Count Andrew Zamoyski's sons has been arrested. It is said that General Berg had only the best intentions in ordering the contents of the Zamoyski houses to be burnt. He wished, for the sake of discipline, to keep the soldiers from pillage, and thought it better that everything should be destroyed than that anything should be stolen. But whatever the Russians do they are sure to be blamed. If they plunder there is an outcry, if they burn there is also an outcry. In the Zamoyski houses they plundered in spite of orders, and in accordance with orders burnt, and still no one was satisfied. So, when they brought the half-dead Frankowski to life, and as soon as he was quite restored hanged him, they were accused of cruelty, while precisely the same charge was brought against them when they hastened to hang Sierakowski instead of leaving him to die of the incurable wounds he had received on the field of battle.

The story of a child having been thrown out of one of the windows of the Zamoyski House, and of the mother having been murdered for having

ventured to remonstrate against this too speedy mode of ejecting her infant, is one of those calumnies circulated so recklessly by the friends of Poland that, if they are not careful, they may at last convince people that the cause of Poland and the cause of truth are somehow or other opposed. I may mention for the benefit of those doubtful friends that the Russians, who cannot bear to hear the simple incontrovertible truth as to their misdeeds in Poland, do not at all object to falsehoods on the subject being circulated, provided only that they be of a sufficiently monstrous kind. It is a great advantage to the Russians in Warsaw that they should be accused of crimes which it is notorious in Warsaw they have not committed, and thus I am not astonished to find that in the last number received here of the 'Illustration,' the censor has respected a passage in an article treating of the sacking of the Zamoyski houses, in which it is stated that other houses have been pillaged in the same manner and the persons inhabiting them 'shot or sent to Siberia.'

Every one must have heard of the summary

manner in which the Hôtel de l'Europé has been seized. Bertholdi, a Russian spy, who had taken up his quarters there, was stabbed in his own room at seven in the morning, as he was drinking his coffee. Immediately afterwards the house was given up to the soldiers, the lodgers ejected, and kept until the evening in the courtyard, and the whole building, furniture and all, confiscated, or at least, for the present, sequestrated. The Russians, with the view of raising Bertholdi's character, had paid him a domiciliary visit the day before; but no one was deceived by it. I believe the man had been followed here from Cracow, as he had previously been followed to Cracow from Warsaw. The 'national gendarme' who stabbed him got safely away. The only person who seems to have thought of stopping the assassin was a Russian officer living in the next room to Bertholdi. Hearing a shriek, he rushed into the corridor with a revolver in his hand, but omitted to fire it. Something, it is said, was wrong with the trigger; at all events, the pistol did not go off.

The night after the seizure of the Hôtel de

l'Europe the perplexity of the officials at the railway station, when they asked the travellers where they meant to 'descend,' and were told by some that they intended to 'descend' at the inn in question, was rather amusing.

'There is no Hôtel de l'Europe,' was the first reply.

'I beg your pardon,' answered one traveller; 'I was at the Hôtel de l'Europe two years ago, and wish to go there again.'

'There is no Hôtel de l'Europe,' repeated the official; 'it is now a barrack.'

'That is impossible,' was the rejoinder. 'I know some one who was there only three days since.'

'A crime has been committed there,' was the ultimate explanation, 'and the place is now in the hands of the military.'

The traveller disappeared in the vain hope of finding an hotel in Warsaw from which there was no chance of his being suddenly ejected, and being compelled to wait for a dozen hours in the court-yard.

The general precautions against a rising in

Warsaw are now so great that there is no possibility of any such movement taking place on a large scale. That there may be a burst of despair ending in the sacrifice of some hundreds of lives is probable enough; for the population has not yet been terrified—it has only been exasperated. But the city is so thronged by infantry, and so continually traversed by cavalry, that an insurrection of any magnitude in Warsaw itself seems to me entirely out of the question. The Poles in Galicia, especially those who have never seen a Russian soldier, say that the Russian army of the present day is most contemptible. To my unmilitary eye the Russian troops in Warsaw have at least as warlike a bearing as any of the troops I saw in Russia two years ago, or even seven years ago, when many of the regiments just returned from the Crimea were in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Whether these troops would run away from inferior numbers of ill-armed, undisciplined insurgents, I, of course, cannot say; but, in the meanwhile, that is a result in which I cannot believe. The Poles, however, are in such a position that they are bound not to trust the evi-

dence of their own senses, and, as they have been in this position for a very long time, and are used to it, there is no reason for imagining that they will suddenly quit it. Say that there are nine chances out of ten against any intervention taking place in favour of Poland. Even then the Poles must cling to the tenth and last chance, for national ruin stares them in the face, whether they submit now or submit six months hence.

In the meanwhile many lives and much property will be sacrificed, but there are plenty of men prepared to make such sacrifices, and the Poles do not calculate these matters of profit and loss as nations in a happier position can afford to calculate them. It appears to me, however, that as a mere question of prudence it would be a grave mistake on their part to give in just now—as it was a mistake, never to be sufficiently deplored by the true friends of Poland, to begin the insurrection at all. Before the insurrection broke out the Poles were, no doubt, at liberty either to accept concessions which, had they been frankly made and frankly accepted, would have led to a reconciliation, or, at least, an understanding be-

tween Russia and Poland, or to reject them on the ground that a union of any kind between Poland and Russia was the thing least of all to be desired. But now that the insurrection has existed for months, and has called forth not only all the tyranny of the Russian Government, but also all the hatred of the Russian people, the Poles have not to choose between war with Russia on the one hand, and on the other administrative independence and a certain amount of political representation for the kingdom, with the prospect of these privileges being extended to Lithuania; but between continued war with Russia, and the Russification of all Poland, accompanied by the execution of the principal civil and military leaders of the insurrection, and the exile of many thousands of insurgents.

It is better not to die to-day if it be possible to live until to-morrow; above all, if in the meanwhile there is some even infinitesimal chance of rescue. The present state of things in Poland is lamentable in every respect, but not yet utterly hopeless; and even if the hopeless point had been reached, there would still be desperate

men who for a time would continue fighting, while as for the secret organisation, the Russians have as yet made no approach towards discovering it.* Even if the Russians had the best instead of the worst possible intentions towards Poland, they could not now re-establish a national administration in the country, because it has been clearly ascertained that the Poles will, for the present, have nothing to do with the Russian Government except in the way of undermining it and endeavouring to overturn it. I do not imagine that the Russians will introduce any reforms in Poland either before or after the suppression of the insurrection. It will be impossible for some time to come to govern the country otherwise than by military law; and if the Poles were offered not only all the places in the Administration, but also full representative and legislative rights, I do not think that they would accept them—indeed, for my part, I am perfectly

* After the failure however, both of the armed insurrection and of the diplomatic intervention, and under the pressure of Count Berg, the National Government suddenly collapsed.

sure they would not. To begin with, the elections would be impossible. The National Government would not allow electors to choose deputies for a Diet representing only the 'Congresowka,' or Congress kingdom; and a power that can levy taxes for itself, and cause the taxes demanded by the Russians to be withheld, could surely enforce such a very easy thing as abstention from voting. Warsaw has now been in a state of what may be called 'passive insurrection' for three years, and people live, get married, and die (now and then, it is true, by the bullet or the rope) in Warsaw as in other cities. Things may go on for some time in Warsaw and in all Poland as they are going now; and if in the meanwhile the Schleswig and Holstein question, or the Italian question, or the Eastern, or any other 'question,' should plunge Europe in war, the Poles might, perhaps, contrive to profit by it.

CHAPTER XI.

WARSAW: OCTOBER, 1863.

THERE are now some very curious regulations in Warsaw as to visiting and receiving visits. In practice, the rule on the subject is that every outer door (*porte cochère*) is kept shut, and that the porter, when you apply for admittance, asks where you are going, but not what your name is, nor your business, nor how long you are going to stay. The porters, then, are not much more inquisitorial in Warsaw than in any other city not in a state of siege. Even in London when you knock at a street door the servant who opens it asks who it is you want to see, unless you begin by supplying the necessary information yourself. In all the Warsaw houses that have double entrances, one entrance has been closed; and in case of a murder being committed in a house, and

of the murderer getting away, the porter would no doubt be held responsible for his escape.

The police regulation forbidding persons to remain more than ten minutes in cafés and pastry-cooks' shops is not enforced, and does not prevent the newsmongers of Warsaw from keeping the same journal in hand for half an hour.

The order of the National Government, on the other hand, forbidding Poles to walk in the Saxony gardens while the Russian bands are playing, is strictly observed. To a person arriving here from Galicia this command seems quite superfluous. There is nothing more sad than the remembrance of Austrian military music when one is listening to Russian. Many Russian officers, however, do listen to the strains of their inharmonious regimental orchestras, and try to look as if they liked them.

At the theatre, attended only by Russian officers and a few ladies, not in deep mourning, and the reverse of sad, the noisy little piece which has buzzed all over Europe under the title of *Orpheus in the Infernal Regions*, is played. The Poles call it *Orpheus in Warsaw*, and not even the

Jews (or 'persons of the old covenant,' or 'of the Mosaic confession,' as they are called here) go to see it. The classical personage, however, of whom one is chiefly reminded by the present aspect of Warsaw towards evening, is Diogenes. All Poles who are out at, or after dusk, have to carry lanterns, though they do not, it is true, waste their time in looking among the unilluminated class for honest men. At night the city seems inhabited by a whole population of Guy Fawkeses. Every person you meet has the air of a conspirator, and probably there are few of these Polish lantern-bearers who, if they found themselves with a few barrels of gunpowder beneath the Russian military club which performs just now the functions of a Parliament in Warsaw, would hesitate much about blowing it up. It is this despotic assembly in which all the measures of the Russian Government in Poland are freely and thoroughly canvassed, which pronounced the rule of the Grand Duke too mild, which considers that of General Berg not sufficiently severe, and whose idea of a Russian Governor is General Mouravieff.

With a little interest in official quarters cards

may, I believe, be obtained entitling the bearer to disregard the police regulations as to carrying lanterns. Otherwise, and unless armed with a formal permit, let no foolish virgin venture out at night with her lamp untrimmed, nor remain out after ten. In the latter case the warning voice of the police-soldier, 'Too late, too late! you cannot enter now!' will stop her almost before the hour has struck, and she will be forced to pass the night in the outer darkness of the citadel.

Sometimes if the aspect of a citizen be repugnant to the Russian police (whose looks are always prepossessing) he is maltreated first and asked to give an account of himself afterwards; then if he is found to have done nothing wrong, he is told to go about his business and be more careful in future. A groom who was exercising his master's horse near one of the barriers was mistaken the other day by some Cossacks for an insurgent, and knocked out of his saddle and beaten before he could explain who and what he was. Probably the Cossacks imagined his livery to be a uniform; for I remember a fearful massacre of house and farm servants which took place some months ago

on an estate in the Government of Lublin, in which a gaudily-attired footman was reserved for special tortures on the supposition that he must be an officer. It is said now that special permits for riding on horseback are to be issued. If so, a bearer of such a permit, if he should venture out on foot, will run the risk of being arrested for not having his horse with him. At all events, a French gentleman was arrested here the other day and taken to the nearest police station because he had only a night permit in his pocket, which it was maintained did not entitle him to go out during the day.

It is not in Warsaw itself, however, so much as in the country, and not in the kingdom of Poland so much as in Lithuania and the Western Provinces generally, that the cruelty of the Russians is made visible. No one ought to complain of the necessarily severe police regulations in Warsaw, the object of which is not to annoy the population, but to put a stop to murder, and to prevent that general rising which the Russian Government is said to desire, and as to which it may be truly asserted that many of the worst of the Russian officers wish

for it. Some such desperate movement was fully expected immediately after the sacking of the Zamoyski houses, and as the National Government knew what would be the consequence of the attack on General Berg, it may be supposed that the attack itself was intended as a signal. However this may have been, had General Berg been killed, such a result could not have paralysed the action of the Russian Government in Warsaw; while, on the other hand, the soldiers would without doubt have been excited beyond bearing, and could not have been restrained from massacring the inhabitants of the house from which the bombs were thrown. As it was, the pillage was ordered, and the troops did what few troops would have done when once let loose; they ceased pillaging at the word of command. But their desire was to kill the prisoners, as it was after the attack, last year, on the Grand Duke Constantine to fire on the crowd. Since the shameful attempt on the life of the Grand Duke the hatred of the Russian army for everything Polish has increased a hundred fold. The Polish insurgents have been represented to them as brigands and murderers, doing

worse things than the Russians have actually done; and they know the Polish National Government only by its assassins. When the soldiers were conducting the male inmates of the Zamoyski houses to the citadel, they were fully persuaded that they had the members of this Government in their power; and if any of the Poles were mad enough to desire (as I believe many of them were) that there should be some terrible carnage in the streets of Warsaw—such as would undoubtedly have excited the indignation of all Europe, but might not, all the same, have led to its active intervention—then they had only a very narrow escape indeed of having their wish fulfilled.

The executions for taxes continue in Warsaw, but I cannot hear of any sales by auction having taken place. I could hear of them when I was in Cracow; but every one here tells me that the arrears are paid as soon as possible after the entry of the soldiers to take possession. Some little delay always occurs, because the military authorities cannot receive the money, and it has to be sent to an office which is now so crowded that it is difficult to get attended to there. In the mean-

while, soldiers, in the proportion of two to each room, are billeted upon the occupiers of houses or apartments who have not paid up; and to avoid this inconvenience and expense, many persons settle accounts with the tax-gatherers before the arrival of the troops. The new and special tax of eight per cent. on income is payable before the end of the month, after which period an extra four per cent. will be required from defaulters.

The convents occupied two or three weeks since by the troops are still in the hands of the military. The buildings have not been turned into barracks, but a guard is stationed in each, and in each a strict search has been instituted. The Russian journals state that many important discoveries were made, and it seems to be generally admitted that in one convent a list of names was found. The search in the cemeteries led to nothing except horror and disgust on the part of the Polish population. No graves were dug open, but five vaults were either unlocked or broken into, and in the vaults thus violated several coffins were opened, but no arms discovered.

A new number of the *Independence*, the organ of the National Government, was brought out two or three days ago. It is rather melancholy in tone, speaks of numerous reverses sustained by the insurgents, especially in the province of Lublin, where their fighting was certainly not discreditable to them, and singling out a particular commander, who has left his detachment, and blames him, not merely for having abandoned his command, but also for the general result of the battles, which, I fancy was inevitable. The remarkable thing in the new number of the *Independence* is that for the first time this journal, instead of exaggerating the valour and success of the insurgents, upbraids them for their want of firmness, and tells them that far more is expected of them than they have yet done.

Several local orders have also appeared, signed by the chief of the town, in which certain arrears of taxes are demanded, and in which the people of Warsaw are enjoined to remain quiet.

Since the occupation of the Zamoyski houses and of the Hôtel de l'Europe, two other large houses have been taken possession of by the sol-

diers, though, as far as I can learn, they have not yet been confiscated. In one, if not both, of these, rifles and a considerable quantity of ammunition were discovered.

It is reported, on what authority I do not know, that 50,000 additional troops are being brought into the kingdom from Russia Proper, and people in Warsaw seem convinced that the new force is intended for the Galician frontier; if not, for the other side of it. It is a fact that two divisions, the 8th and 10th, have arrived, or are now arriving, in this city; but the entire strength of the two divisions, if complete, would only amount to 26,000 men, and they are being sent towards Posen, as well as towards Galicia. Seven battalions of the 10th division, said to be one of the best in the Russian army, and which was present at Sebastopol from the beginning to the end of the siege, were reviewed the other day in front of the castle. These battalions had come from Toula, *viâ* the Moscow and St. Petersburg and St. Petersburg and Warsaw Railway, and were stated to have performed the entire distance in the rather short space of twelve days. Much interest was excited

when it was discovered that the battalions of the 10th division included many of the recruits taken from Warsaw in the ill-famed conscription of January last. Numbers of them were recognised and spoken to by their relatives, and a general impression was produced that the Russian army must be very weak since the Government is obliged to send back to Poland to fight against the Poles the very men whose forcible seizure was the last touch of injustice that caused the Polish insurrection. On the other hand, the Russians, after the arrival of all the new troops, will have at least 150,000 men in the kingdom of Poland alone; some say 180,000, but at 150,000 the number is certainly not overestimated.

The great incident here of the last few days has been the destruction of the Town Hall by a fire, which those who saw it, as I did, from close by, must know to have been the work of incendiaries. I cannot say who lighted the fire nor why it was lighted, but the Russians made the greatest exertions to put it out as quickly as possible, saved the archives, saved the furniture, and prevented

the flames from reaching a part of the building in which a number of political prisoners were confined.

Twice during the last week the word has been passed from mouth to mouth in Warsaw, that 'something' would take place in the evening, and that it would not be safe to be in the streets after seven—the anti-curfew hour. But everything passed off quietly, except that a few nights since a man named Dombrowski was attacked by 'national gendarmes' and left for dead (though he is still alive) in the street called 'Long.' On Sunday morning, however, at about twelve o'clock, the trampling of infantry, the galloping backwards and forwards of Cossacks, and the rushing to and fro of crowds of excited men and women, gave the thoroughfares in which all this movement took place the sound and aspect (so familiar to Continental travellers of the last fifteen years) of a coming disturbance. Insurrection in Warsaw at the present moment could only mean the exposure of a portion of the inhabitants to massacre and, perhaps, of the whole city to bombardment from the citadel. Nevertheless, a rising, in

the desperate position in which the inhabitants of Warsaw and the Poles generally now find themselves, is just possible; a rising has certainly been meditated, and though, owing to the precautions of all kinds taken by the Russians, it becomes more difficult every day to carry out the plan, whatever it may have been, there was some reason on Sunday for supposing that it was on the point of being put into execution.

Many persons here imagine that a cruel measure of repression, such as in the present temper of the Russian soldiers would undoubtedly be the result of any attack, or of any organised resistance, on the part of the Poles, might lead to an expression of indignation in France or England so decided as to leave the Government of these countries no option but to declare war against Russia. This appears to me the saddest of all political speculations, for, even if deliberately provoked, the Russians could scarcely do worse in Warsaw than they have already done, and are now doing daily, in the provinces. The Western Powers have shown that they can tolerate—not with complacency, nor without the strongest con-

demnation—but that they can tolerate, nevertheless, such acts of barbarism in Poland as might have called for their interference even if no distinct right on their part to interfere had ever existed. To be sure, one outrage in Warsaw does really cause a greater outcry abroad than a hundred similar ones committed in the country; but, at the same time, it is perfectly well known that estates are devastated, peasants raised against proprietors, and proprietors imprisoned, maltreated, and their property confiscated, even when they are only thought to have aided the insurrection, in which persons of all classes are well known to have taken an active part. If the indignation produced by the knowledge of such facts as these is not efficacious, what advantage is to be expected from a catastrophe in Warsaw, about which the only thing certain is that it would show us a defenceless city in the position of a city taken by storm?

No one not in the confidence of the National Government can say with what object the Town Hall of Warsaw was set on fire. In the meanwhile

it is certain that it did not take fire by accident. The official account of the affair simply sets forth that flames were first seen issuing from a room on the second floor, in which certain archives were stowed away, and that some time afterwards they burst forth from another part of the building in which the police records were kept. I am also told by an eyewitness that after the fire had been partly subdued it broke out again in quite a fresh place. The general rumour in the town was that the fire had begun in the roof, and in several places at the same time, and when I saw the building, the conflagration having then lasted about six hours, the whole roof was in a blaze, though in many of the rooms immediately beneath it there seemed to be no fire except what proceeded from the embers that had fallen from above. All the upper stories, however, of the right and left wings, as seen from the front, were in flames, and the left wing was also burning at the back.

Let no one hasten to say that the Poles did not set their own Town Hall on fire, for the National Government may be preparing, at this moment, some patriotic and sophistical justification of the

act. I heard numbers of respectable Poles deny with indignation the accusation brought against the National Government of having planned and directed the attack against General Berg, until at last the National Government coolly assumed the responsibility of the crime.

Do not, above all, let it be said that the Russians set the Town Hall on fire in order to have an excuse for increasing their measures of severity against the inhabitants of Warsaw. A similar unfounded and ridiculous explanation of the attack on General Berg was circulated for a few days, but the fact is, the Russians rule Poland in so arbitrary a manner that they want no excuses for any of their misdeeds. They have not, however, as yet taken to burning down Polish cities —as at least one portion of Warsaw might have been burnt down on Sunday had there been a little more wind and no Government fire-engines at hand.

The burning of the Warsaw Town Hall was not the result of accident. In considering what may have been the motive of this deliberate act of

incendiarism, I can only think that it may have been meant as a protest against the imposition of the new tax—if not with the more direct motive of burning the lists of taxpayers. It was at the Town Hall that the 8 per cent. income-tax was to be paid, and I mentioned in a previous letter that from those who do not pay before the end of the month 12 per cent. will be required. Some twenty persons who had already settled with the Government on this score were publicly warned last week in a 'proclamation' issued by the 'Chief of the Town.' Their names were published, and they themselves summoned to appear before one of the 'revolutionary tribunals.' It is on this question of the 8 per cent. income-tax for war purposes that the great contest is now taking place between the National Government and the Government of Russia, and it will be curious to see whether the inhabitants of Warsaw will positively disobey the former or obey it, and by doing so render themselves liable to an extra payment of 50 per cent. in favour of the latter. The only thing certain about the matter is that, at least, no further payments will be made until

the very last day, and that for the next few days —as the Town Hall is destroyed—no payments will be made at all.

It was evident that the burning of the Town Hall caused the Russians considerable alarm, and if they really desired a rising in Warsaw they need only have kept the troops in barracks for an hour to have had it. The fire might have been a signal, but was apparently nothing of the kind; or it might have been lighted with the view of drawing a number of troops to one particular quarter of the town so as to leave the other quarters comparatively unoccupied; or, without any notion of a regular fight at all, and simply in the hope that it would lead to confusion, disturbance, and such bloodshed as would be sure to be talked about in the West. In any case the Russians did right in taking every possible precaution. All the soldiers were brought out into the streets, the squares, and the public gardens; and all day, all night, and until the next morning, the thoroughfares leading to the large open space on one side of which the Town Hall stands (its walls are standing still),

were closed to the public, and the approaches guarded by infantry and Cossacks.

It did not seem to be necessary, however, that the Cossacks should use their whips against the crowd, and even single out quiet and perfectly inoffensive persons for their assaults, as sometimes happened. A Warsaw crowd under existing circumstances would no doubt try the patience even of the proverbially patient British policeman, for the sympathy and applause of the public are reserved here for those who break the law, and the transgressor of the most necessary police regulation is a popular hero so long as he is actually transgressing, and a popular martyr if his transgression entails punishment upon him. I cannot, as a cold-blooded Englishman, see the slightest patriotic merit in disregarding orders issued with the view of saving a national building from destruction; but on the other hand, in the present state of the public mind in Warsaw, it is not to be expected that in a conflict or simple dispute between a Russian and a Pole the former will, under any circumstances, be allowed to be in the right. A light-heeled Pole

may dodge an infantry soldier, a light-headed one defy a Cossack; in either case the Pole insures the approbation of his countrymen, who, nevertheless, had they the direction of their own police, could not fail to treat such offenders with contempt.

In short, everything is for the worst in the worst-governed country possible. The Russians say that the Poles have no notion of obedience even of the most indispensable kind, and the Poles retort that the Russians have no conception of any rule except that of brute force. The truth is that the Russians, for the thirty years which preceded the present movement, had governed the Poles without any reference to their national character, or to the institutions which for centuries had formed part of their national life. They put a ready-made Russian collar on the neck of a nation not fitted to wear it, and never thought for a moment that if the collar were rendered less galling the nation condemned to support it might prove more tractable The notion of governing either man or beast without considering the nature of the man or beast to be

governed is so preposterous that if there were no despotisms in Europe, and if it were not found necessary to keep up Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, one might imagine that it was no longer entertained. The Poles, however, have, and will probably now have for many a year, to take such government of the true Russian pattern as Russia chooses to give them, and if they only submit to it as long as they are exhausted, and endeavour at the first favourable or unfavourable opportunity to shake it off, that will no doubt be looked upon by the Russians as a fresh proof that the Poles are a naturally ungovernable race.

At the present moment, however—a moment of exasperation and madness—the less that is said of the conduct of the Poles in Warsaw, if they are to be judged by their National Government, which of course claims to represent them, the better for them it will be. I do not know what the National Government will say to the burning of the Town Hall, nor whether it is really responsible for its destruction. It may have been set on fire without orders, but it was certainly fired

with intention. I have mentioned one explanation of this act of incendiarism which seems probable enough. It is also said, however, that it was not intended as a 'demonstration' against the 8 per cent. war-tax—far less as a signal for a disturbance; but that the building was burnt simply because there was no other way of getting rid of certain compromising papers which were concealed among papers belonging to the Russian Government, and could not with safety have been carried past the sentries at the gates now that every one is liable to be searched. The Russian official report merely states that the fire broke out in more than one place, without accounting for it. No Polish official report has yet appeared.

At six o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when the fire was at its greatest height, hunger and an engagement to dinner induced me to pass the Town Hall, which, by placing myself under the protection of a Russian officer, I was enabled to do without impediment and without danger from the Cossack whip. The contents of the building,

including records, portfolios, bundles of *paperasses* of all kinds, with tables, chairs, sofas, and such furniture of a lighter kind, were piled together in the middle of the square. Several companies of infantry were looking on, and the side streets were kept clear by Cossacks, who rode backwards and forwards, and hit a man now and then when they had a good chance. At the beginning of the day I saw many persons threatened and several struck with the whip, and this, for the most part, without the least necessity, and in mere wantonness. Certainly, I saw no severe blow given, but the great objection of the Poles is to being treated like dogs, and such is the treatment offered to them on the smallest provocation, and sometimes without any provocation at all.

It being Sunday the streets were crowded, and I had an opportunity of judging whether the population of Warsaw generally had been terrified or not by the recent measures of the Russians. If they had beaten the Russian in a dozen engagements they could not have worn a more confident and independent air than they presented

in face of the troops. On the other hand, all the troops, with the exception of the Cossacks, were as quiet and well behaved as London policemen, so that, as far as the proceedings of the day were concerned, there was no occasion for any serious alarm. As for the Cossacks their whipping propensity seems to be a disease, but as it is a disease of a very malignant nature it ought to be checked. Like boxers preparing to give a blow, these whipsters are perpetually practising the use of their long leather thongs. Sometimes they strike in order to drive back some one who has transgressed the bounds beyond which he ought not to have passed, but others, also, as if from mere habit, and from a wish to keep their hand in. The Pole who is struck grins with a contemptuous grin, and those around him mutter execrations; and I saw no blow taken except with an expression of disdain from the receiver, which, I must add, seemed entirely lost upon the giver. The Cossacks rode along the pavement as well as down the middle of the streets, and appeared to enjoy their wild liberty—with the exception of one whose horse, to the astonish-

ment of no one, slipped beneath him and fell close to the scene of the fire.

As I was leaving the neighbourhood of the Town Hall, I noticed a gentleman wearing the 'cylinder' of respectability engaged in an animated discussion with a Cossack, who wore the Circassian cap of the Kouban.

'I was brought here by one of your own officers,' said the proprietor of the cylinder hat.

'Then,' replied the Cossack, 'it was his duty to take you to the house you were going to, put you inside, and shut the door after you. Our orders are not to allow civil people to walk about here.'

'But,' pursued the cylinder-wearer, 'I have a big hat; you ought not to mind me.'

'There are very big hats worn by very big functionaries,' continued the disciplinarian of the Kouban; 'but I should flog them as civil persons just the same if I caught them here now.'

'Well, what are you going to do with me?' inquired the gentleman finally, to whom neither the cylinder hat nor the recent companionship of a Russian officer was any guarantee of safety.

'Why, I shall flog you, that's all,' said the stern but not precisely savage Cossack, when suddenly the intervention of a second cylinder hat, to whom I have reason to believe the hero of the Kouban was under some slight pecuniary obligations, brought the discussion to a satisfactory conclusion.

One feels almost ashamed at finding amusement in anything that takes place at Warsaw during the present deplorable position of that city; but Englishmen have always been accustomed to an alternation of tragic with comic scenes, and there is a grim humour about the Cossack as well as absolute ferocity.

To complete my budget of Warsaw news I must add the common-place intelligence that two men on the national side have lately been hanged, and three on the Russian side murdered, or stabbed almost to death. One of the men hanged was a 'national gendarme,' in other words, an assassin at the command of the secret government, which, if it does not mend its ways, the honest men of Poland will have to disavow.

Like the pirates who went to sea with a Decalogue in which the eighth commandment had been marked out, the National Government thinks to get on without observing the sixth.

The second man hanged was a clerk in the post-office, and had been found guilty of having transmitted correspondence for the National Government—which nearly every man who has ever got a friend to take charge of a letter from Warsaw to Cracow or from Cracow to Warsaw has done. The offence of the post-office clerk executed last Monday was, of course, greatly aggravated by the fact that he was in the Government service; but at the same time his execution is a fresh proof that if the Russian Government cannot catch the men who have been found guilty of heinous crimes, it is determined, in lieu of them, to put to death such comparatively innocent ones already in its hands as it may think fit to make an example of.

The Russian Government in its notices of punishments to be inflicted does not go lower than capital ones. It must draw the line somewhere, and in announcing the coming execution of the

said post-office clerk publishes the following description of his crime :—

'Stanislas Swiezynski, clerk in the post-office, has been found guilty of high treason by court-martial, and by his own confession of having been connected with the revolutionary organisation known as the National Government, and of having accepted an appointment as agent to the said organisation; and of having made use of his position in the post-office to forward parcels and messages to the insurgents, and even warlike implements; and for his activity in furthering the views and objects of the insurrection.'

CHAPTER XII.

WARSAW: OCTOBER, 1863.

GENERAL TREPOFF, one of the directors of police, was recently attacked in the street by a 'National gendarme,' disguised as a peasant, and carrying an axe, with which weapon he struck the general on the neck, but did not seriously injure him. The general disarmed the man himself (or rather the boy, for he was only 18 years of age), and is reported to have said to the policeman into whose hands he gave him, 'You are the person most to blame in this affair, for you should have been on the watch. As for the prisoner, he is a fanatic, urged on by older persons, who keep themselves concealed.' General Trepoff was in the habit of walking about without an escort, and on the occasion in question was returning from church with his daughter and his daughter's governess.

If General Trepoff really uttered the words attributed to him, he at least understands the meaning of Polish assassination much better than the Russian journalists.

I heard some curious conversations respecting this affair between Poles, of which the following may be taken as a specimen: it will serve to give some notion of the excited and somewhat perverted state of the public mind in Warsaw.

'Trepoff was on his way to church, accompanied by his daughter and her governess. He was in the habit of going there every day to say prayers for his wife who had lately died.'

'The hypocrite!'

'He was followed by four National gendarmes. One of them was dressed as a peasant, and carried an axe with which he had sworn to take Trepoff's life.'

'The scoundrel' (meaning Trepoff)!

'His companions kept between him and Trepoff, until at length, the street being tolerably clear, and no soldiers being in sight, he advanced and struck at Trepoff's neck, but so awkwardly that the weapon turned in his hand.'

'Poor fellow' (meaning the assassin)!

'And what did Trepoff do?'

'Feeling himself wounded, he rushed at the man, wrested the axe from his grasp, and following him as he was attempting to escape, dealt him a terrible blow which laid his shoulder open.'

'The villain' (meaning Trepoff)!

General Trepoff's only wrong did not, to be sure, consist in not holding his head in a convenient position for National gendarmes to strike it off. He was chief of the Russian gendarmes, or rather of the Polish gendarmes in the Russian service, and he had dispersed a procession by force some three years before, and it may have been for this that he was looked upon as a fit and proper person to be assassinated. On the other hand, his good offices had, of late, often been solicited, and obtained on behalf of Poles sentenced to imprisonment or exile; and from this and from the fact of his being the only Russian high in authority who ventured into the street without escort and on foot, I concluded that he at least had nothing to fear from the murderous attacks of the National gendarmes. He was chief, however, of the

Government gendarmerie, which was a crime; and he walked out alone, which was at least a mistake.

Whenever an affair of this kind—or indeed of any kind—takes place, Russians and Poles vie with one another in misrepresenting it, until at last two highly-coloured fables, one quite inconsistent with the other, spring out of it. The Russian journals maintain that the 'National gendarmes' murder for hire, and that for attempting general Trepoff's life they received a rouble apiece and a cup of coffee. The Polish papers, on the other hand, represent them as patriots in the style of Brutus, and endeavour with success to enlist public sympathy on their behalf. The Russians enlarge upon Trepoff's magnanimity in calling upon Count Berg to spare the assassin's life on the ground that he, Trepoff, had arrested him, and moreover, by striking him, had taken the law into his own hands. The Poles expatiate on the bloodthirsty violence of the 'Muscovite' in attacking a man after he had disarmed him.

One of the worst effects of these revolutionary movements is, that they excite national and political feeling to such an extent that all other

feeling seems to be destroyed. Right and wrong get confused in the general ferment; and men, and above all women, become morally intoxicated. I once saw an amiable Polish lady—amiable at least in other respects—smile with delight on hearing that the son of a German functionary employed in Poland had been killed in fighting for the cause which his father hated. When shells were thrown at Count Berg, some appeared to think that such a proceeding was perfectly natural, and that Count Berg had no sort of right to resent it; others laughed at him, because in the accounts printed in the Galician newspapers it was stated that he looked frightened after the attack, and drove home to the castle very rapidly; others said that he had got agents of his own to throw the shells at him, that he might have an excuse for confiscating the house from which they were aimed! It seemed to strike very few that the murderous attempt was at all worthy of blame, though, at the same time, no one would admit that the National Government could have had anything to do with it, until at last, with wonderful cynicism and effrontery, it took upon itself the whole responsibility of the act, and

explained that it was intended as a warning to Count Berg in order to deter him from imitating the conduct of Mouravieff at Wilna.

What, I wonder, would Mouravieff have done if any one had shelled *him*? He would have done so much, that for that very reason care was taken not to touch a hair of his head. 'If they must assassinate some one, why do they not assassinate Mouravieff?' I have heard it asked in reference to the doings of the National gendarmes. Here we cannot fail to see the weak point in the revolutionary mode of action. The revolutionists of Poland no more dared fire at Mouravieff than they dared rise against the Emperor Nicholas after he had crushed the insurrection of 1830. They could attack with fire, steel, and poison their countryman the Marquis Wielopolski, who at least had gained for them important institutions, some of which they had been without for thirty years, while others (such as schools for the peasantry) they had never known before. They could shoot at and wound the Grand Duke Constantine, who had brought them good and not evil, and who had actually been only a few hours in Warsaw

when a fanatic was employed by the revolutionists to take his life. They could even throw shells at General Berg, whose rule, with all his ferocity, was mild and just compared to the execrable system of Mouravieff. But Mouravieff being really terrible had nothing whatever to fear, and was as safe, or indeed safer, at Wilna than the Emperor Napoleon is in Paris. In all this there is a lesson to tyrannical governments, which assuredly will not be lost upon them. Will they not naturally conclude that their only safeguard against unscrupulous revolutionists lies in the most implacable severity? The revolutionists speculate on the terror they can cause. Meet them with the terror they themselves provoke, and they are silenced.

Viewed at a distance, and judged by the diplomatic despatches that were written for it, the Polish National Junta or *Rzond* seemed really an admirable body. In the eyes of the Russians it was simply a band of assassins: and it seems, in truth, to have included in its vast organisation some very desperate scoundrels as well as men of high character and ability, capable of serving their country with distinction either in the cabinet or

in the field. How was it the latter could be got to work with the former? and how was it that a power of which one of the first public acts (when it existed in germ as the Central Committée) was to get a half-witted fanatic to fire at the Grand Duke, and one of the last to throw shells into the carriage of Count Berg, enjoyed the support of all the educated classes in the country? I once questioned a Pole on this subject, who, though an enthusiastic patriot, was, I knew, far too honourable a man not to disapprove of the odious measures so often resorted to by the Polish National Government, as it was then constituted.

'Were you ever violently in love with a dancer?' he said. 'You hear all sorts of things said against her; things that are notorious, that you can't deny, that you try in vain to explain away, and that finally all you can do is to shut your ears against. That is our position with the National Government. We will do anything for it, make any sacrifice for it, because it is a Polish Government, and because we adore everything that is Polish; and we try not to think of the numerous actions we wish it had never committed.'

'Anarchy is very detestable, no doubt,' said another Pole who was anything but a revolutionist; 'but of the two we would rather have Polish anarchy than Russian tyranny,' which is only anarchy under another name.

The Russians have always maintained that the Polish National Government secured obedience through terrorism. This may be to some extent true as regards its action in the villages, where the poor ignorant peasants were tormented and killed on both sides, the insurgents beating and hanging them if they favoured the Russians; the Russians beating them, shooting them, and burning their houses down if they helped their own countrymen. But in the towns, in the country houses and among all persons who had received even a tinge of education, the National Government was supported because, good or bad, it acted in the name of the country, and because it kept up the insurrection which, it was hoped, would sooner or later lead to foreign intervention. No conceivable system of terror could have made the landed proprietors obey an anonymous government if they had chosen to seek the pro-

tection of the Russian, Prussian, or Austrian Government against it. As it was it obtained implicit obedience in all parts of Poland, and even those who were the most opposed to the insurrection on the ground that it was an utterly hopeless movement, paid taxes to the National Government in order to show that at least they did not grudge their money. As a rule, the only fear it speculated upon was the fear that every Pole feels of passing for a bad patriot. I say 'as a rule,' for if, as the Pole says, the Marquis Wielopolski paid taxes to the National Government, he can only have done so because he, or rather the steward of his estate, was obliged to do so.

At the same time, it is not unnatural that the Russians should have looked upon the rule of the National Government as founded on a basis of terror; for whenever the insurgents took horses and provisions from an estate they gave a paper stating that the proprietor or his representative, having been required to give up certain things, had only done so on compulsion and in fear of his life. After going through this form, the insurgents generally stopped in a friendly manner to dine.

Russians high in authority, and all really well-informed Russians, knew from the beginning that the papers left by the insurgents were mere blinds; but the Government apparently thought that if it was called upon to treat them as serious documents at all, it might as well make the most of them. Accordingly, I found the Russian official papers stating, at one time, that the landed proprietors of Poland were the chief supports of the insurrection, and at another that they were opposed to it, and that it could be proved they only aided it from compulsion. It is well known now that the landowners were nearly all opposed to the project of armed rising, as a matter of reason; but when it had once taken place they could not, as a matter of feeling, help assisting their own countrymen. At the same time there must have been numerous cases in which the insurgents carried off what the proprietor would have liked to have been able to refuse them. A friend of mine had a hundred and fifty horses taken from his estate. They were all well bred, some of the best Polish, others of Arab blood. 'I should not have cared,' said the proprietor, 'if a couple of hours afterwards they had not fallen into the hands of the Rus-

sians.' When the insurgents managed to keep their horses they often rode them till their backs were sore, and by overwork and neglect soon spoilt them. They could get remounted wherever there were fresh horses to be had; but, unless very patriotic indeed, I do not think the proprietors could have felt pleased at having to give them the pick of their stables.

As to the general conduct of the contending forces in the field, that of the insurgents (in spite of some infamous acts of violence on the part of certain 'chiefs of gendarmerie') has been incomparably better than that of the Russians. The excesses of the Polish gendarmerie have been committed against proprietors suspected of withholding supplies, or peasants suspected or convicted of having favoured the enemy; and the treatment by the Poles of Russian prisoners, and especially wounded ones, has been almost invariably humane. Russians have undoubtedly been hanged by Czachowski, and other chiefs, but only in the way of reprisals, and after due notice. At the beginning of the insurrection nothing of the kind was ever done on the Polish side.

As for ordinary travellers not connected with the insurrection, no one ever hears of their being molested by the insurgents, whereas there have been numerous instances of travellers being attacked, beaten, and even killed by Russian troops. Any foreigner who was in any of the country districts in Poland during the insurrection, will, I am sure, admit that he would a thousand times rather have fallen in with a band of insurgents than with a party of Russian soldiers, and this general feeling on the subject is better evidence than any number of real or pretended facts on either side.

CHAPTER XIII.

WARSAW: NOVEMBER, 1863.

It is remarkable with what feverish anxiety the speech of the Emperor Napoleon has been looked forward to in Warsaw. The day before the opening of the French Chambers numbers of persons went to church and prayed that God would enlighten the Emperor, and turn his heart towards Poland. On the evening of the 5th the most curiously contradictory rumours were in circulation as to what His Majesty had said, and when the German papers arrived with the text of the speech equally opposite interpretations were given to it. On the whole, however, the speech is much admired, and is considered encouraging. Hope—'the miserable have no other medicine, but only hope'—still remains to the Poles; they cling now to the straw held out to them in the shape of a

projected Congress, which if it were to take place could scarcely fail to bring on war. No regular war could injure the Poles so much as the war against national and family ties, as well as against life and property, of which their unhappy country is now the scene. Even if the Polish nation were to perish in the conflict, it would at least perish arms in hand; but the fact is, it is difficult to think of any combination for war purposes by which it would not almost certainly profit.

No Pole imagines that the Polish question can be settled, as he would like to see it settled, by peaceful means; and the universal desire in Poland is, of course, that France should end by going to war with Russia. This does not prevent some of the Poles from reflecting that France is not likely to take such a step without an ally, nor from remembering that it is not very long since Russia and France were on remarkably good terms. More than that, when the Austrian Diet of Princes was convened, Poles supposed to have close relations with the French Government were of opinion that the friendly understanding might be renewed, and that if Russia could be tempted to make im-

portant concessions to the Kingdom by the promise of French assistance for projects of her own, Austria could be forced to give up Cracow, and Prussia might even be induced to part with a small portion of the Duchy of Posen—keeping, of course, for herself the city with its strong fortress. In forming this project of a restored Grand Duchy of Warsaw, in narrower limits and under a Russian Prince, its authors counted not only without Russia, but also without the Polish nation, which at that time was convinced that the insurrection would lead inevitably to a general war, or at least that the three Powers who had engaged in a hopeless diplomatic intervention would finally be compelled to assume a hostile and menacing attitude towards Russia, even if all did not go to the length of taking up arms. Of such a result the Poles must have ceased to think, and it is at least more possible now than it was two months ago that if France can gain nothing for them by the sword, they could as a last chance accept what France might be able to procure for them by good offices, and by coming to terms with their great oppressor on other questions.

The Poles, it must be remembered, take it for granted that the Emperor Napoleon, for the sake of his own position in France, *must* do something for them, and therefore it is argued that if he finds himself left to act entirely alone on their behalf he will have no course open to him but to offer the hand of friendship once more to Russia, and make the best possible friendly bargain for them, even at the expense of Austria. In thinking of such a solution as this, the Poles no doubt reflect that if Austria has not helped the Russians to suppress the present insurrection quite so openly as the Prussians, she has at least aided them to a very considerable extent, and of late to a greater extent than ever. Thus, every endeavour is made to prevent the Galician bands from reaching the frontier. They are fired upon as they go across, and their passage made known to the Russian troops on the other side; their numbers and position are telegraphed from Lemberg to the Russian authorities at Warsaw, and when they are driven back and seek refuge on Austrian territory, they are disarmed and imprisoned.

There is, however, this great difficulty in the

way of an arrangement by which Russia should make concessions to Poland in conformity with a friendly representation on the subject from the Emperor Napoleon—that any concessions made under such circumstances would help to maintain the Poles in their attitude of trust towards France and of distrust towards Russia. The Russian Government must wish, above all things, to diminish, and, if possible, put an end to, the political influence of France and of the Polish emigration in Paris upon her Polish subjects; and unless the French are thoroughly determined, sooner or later, to attempt the re-establishment of a Polish kingdom, sufficiently large to be able to exist by itself, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the Poles, that this influence will as soon as possible cease to be felt. As long as the Poles look to the Hotel Lambert, and, through the Hotel Lambert, to the Tuileries, for relief, they will not and cannot get it from St. Petersburg. Promises have been made them on both sides and not fulfilled, and, on the whole, they have been worse treated by their friends than by their enemies. However, nothing in the history of recent Polish events is more

certain than that, when the Grand Duke Constantine arrived in Warsaw, he came to benefit, not to injure, the Poles. They, of course, possessed the right of choosing whether to accept or reject what he had to offer; but, as it was, many of the principal men in Warsaw gave their support to the Grand Duke at first, and then, as soon as they were assured that there was a good chance of a foreign intervention, left him. The resignation of all the principal independent members of the Council of State was applauded by their fellow-countrymen in general as a protest against Russian rule in Poland, but to the Grand Duke it must have had another aspect; and, whether the step was praiseworthy or not, it at least illustrated the immense difficulty of governing a nation which looks abroad for its guides, and the unhappy position of a nation which is so guided from abroad as to be conducted—now, as in 1831—to a very much worse position than that from which it had hoped foreigners might rescue it.

It is remarkable too that none of Poland's friends care what happens to it unless it be some

highly dramatic and particularly sanguinary calamity. The suppression of high schools and universities throughout Poland for thirty years was an incomparably greater evil and an incomparably greater crime on the part of the Russian Government than the dispersion of a crowd by armed force, and with considerable loss of life, on the lawless principle pursued by military governments in all parts of the continent of Europe. But there is nothing at all dramatic in a plan for depriving a whole people of national education. It does not appeal to the eye, and it cannot be made the the subject of a picture in an illustrated newspaper. The Poles have often of late felt themselves compelled to get their misfortunes presented in a dramatic form, for they have thought it necessary, above all, to consider what would strike this used-up Europe. 'Europe,' they have said to themselves, 'does not mind a people being gradually extinguished if it will only die out quietly; but the massacre of Sinope roused the indignation of France and England, and the massacres in Syria led to armed interference. If we resist the Russians, as at any

time during the last thirty years we have had a right to do, we too shall be massacred, and then Europe'—that is to say, France and England, which constitute Europe in a moral sense in the eyes of the Poles—'will perhaps inquire what ails us.'

'What will Europe say to this?' is a question the Poles put to themselves at each fresh cruelty inflicted upon them. Hitherto Europe, for all practical purposes, has said to their sufferings what the world said to the paradoxes presented to it by the vicar's son. 'The world said nothing to my paradoxes,' and Europe has 'said nothing' to the sufferings of the Poles; or, rather, it has spoken a great deal, but without uttering any of those words that signify future action. Still, Europe is appealed to, and it has now been appealed to so often that it seems to be thought impossible to touch it except by tales of the most horrible and heartrending character. There is, unhappily, no need to invent such narratives.

On the other hand, the 'Official Journal' is of opinion that life in Moscow is becoming quite

agreeable, and assures us that the adoption of coloured clothes by the ladies of Warsaw, after nothing but mourning had been worn by them for nearly three years, has given the streets a gay and animated appearance. I do not see it myself. A grotesque and sad appearance is what is really presented. 'It was time to put an end to this masquerade,' says the correspondent of a Russian journal; but the fact is, the true masquerade has only just begun; for you may now see persons who are grieving for their nearest relations dressed as though they had no such loss to deplore, a funeral looking (if it were not for the coffin) like a shabby wedding procession, and women crying their eyes out at a secretly ordered service for the dead, attired in all the colours of the rainbow. To the men it does not matter much; but the women who have lost relations feel the effect of the order against mourning very acutely, and as it was against them that it was specially directed, its success may be considered complete. For brothers, fathers, and husbands mourning may, it is true, still be worn, but not without carrying a permit, which any policeman

may cause to be produced as often as he thinks fit. I find, too, that those who have lost relations in the insurrection do not consider it advisable to call the attention of the Government to the fact; and, on the whole, it may be said that the usual manifestations of domestic grief are now impossible in Warsaw.

CHAPTER XIV.

ST. PETERSBURG: NOVEMBER, 1863.

THE Polish insurrection has been accounted for by the Russians in a good many different and contradictory ways. When it first began it was usual to regard it as a selfish movement on the part of the nobility, or landowners, great and small, who were accused of aiming at the re-establishment of serfdom. This argument could only succeed with persons ignorant enough not to know that the worst features of serfdom were abolished by the Polish Diet more than seventy years ago, when the reform of the Polish Constitution was made the signal for the second partition of the country; that in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw the formation of the new State, and the cessation of serfdom were simultaneous; and that in the present day, when the nobility of the

Russian Empire were requested by the Emperor Alexander to send in their adhesion to his general project of emancipation, the nobles of the Polish provinces responded instantly, and as if spontaneously, while those of the Russian provinces held back. That His Majesty thanked the nobility of Lithuania, Volhynia, and Podolia for their willingness and readiness to cooperate in carrying out his great scheme, and that he reproached the nobility of Moscow for their obstinacy in withholding all support, are matters of contemporary history, inscribed in the infallible columns of the Russian official journals.

When it became notorious in Europe that the great proprietors of Poland were taking no part as combatants in the insurrection, and that the bands were for the most part commanded by men who in no way represented the aristocratic society of the country, the theory was started that the insurrection had a revolutionary and subversive character in a social sense, and that the enemies of order and property, and not merely of the Russian domination in Poland, were at the bottom of it all. Lately, however, so many of the prin-

cipal proprietors have been arrested, some of whom have been executed, while others have been sent to Siberia, others again being still kept in strict confinement in Poland, that the argument drawn from the non-participation of the richer and more influential classes in the movement becomes no longer tenable. A Pole who knew the state of his country, of Russia, and of all Europe too well not to be opposed to the rising in the first instance, but who, when it became impossible to stop it, of course wished it all success, and did his best to support it, described the insurrection to me not long since as 'a patriotic eruption.' It, indeed, burst out spontaneously in all parts of the enfeebled and irritated national body, and soon spread over the whole like a rash. The insurrection has been little more than the symptom of a grave and terrible disease which time does not cure. What is called 'the movement' was almost an involuntary one, and if we take a broad view of it, was no more the result of deliberation than are the struggles of a tortured animal; but at least the whole body moved.

For my part, whatever others may think, I can

have no doubt on this point. The Polish nation certainly did not rise as one man against Russia. Had that been possible—had there been arms enough in the country to render such a rising at all practicable, the Russians would have been sent home long ago, and the whole of Russian Poland, if not perfectly free, would at least have been fighting under very advantageous conditions for its freedom. But every class, with the exception of the almost servile peasantry, has given unmistakable proofs of its hatred for Russia, and of its readiness to make all kinds of sacrifices with the view of freeing Poland from foreign dominion. At the beginning of the insurrection all the great, and most of the small, landed proprietors were entirely opposed to it for sound prudential reasons, and because the rising was evidently premature. This, of course, was not the opinion of the men escaping from the conscription, who, nevertheless, if they had possessed one more degree of courage than they exhibited when, armed with sticks, revolvers, and here and there an old musket, they attacked the Russian troops sent to arrest them in the forest of Kam-

pinos, might have rendered a great service to their country by submitting to be carried off from the army. This sad species of fortitude, however, is not in the nature of the Poles; and the last of the really distinguished Polish chiefs with whom I was once talking on this subject, was perhaps right in believing that the recruitment was a blow to which the nation was obliged to reply under pain of losing its self-respect.

'The persecutions of thirty years,' said this officer, 'had engendered all sorts of venomous passions which required an outlet. Whatever be the result of this movement, it is better to have met the enemy openly in the field than that we should have gone on hating, reviling, and occasionally stabbing the Russians without once measuring ourselves against them. The country will be ruined, no doubt, but an agricultural country like Poland cannot be ruined for very long, and ten years hence we shall think better of ourselves, and Europe and even Russia will think better of us, than if we had submitted tamely to every indignity that our oppressors chose to put upon us.'

It is a fact that assassinations were of constant

occurrence in Warsaw before the insurrection broke out, and if they continued after the appeal to arms, it at least could no longer be said that the dagger was the only weapon the Poles dared to employ. But, though the views above expressed were held by numbers of men of high military spirit, it required no great sagacity to see that the insurrection, unless supported from abroad, had no chance of success; and all the men possessed of that rational calmness, which is sometimes a gift of nature, sometimes the result of study, and which sometimes, too, is one of the effects produced by the possession of large estates, held quite aloof from the movement until it had acquired such dimensions and had obtained so much active support among the more excitable classes that to have abstained any longer from assisting it would have been to incur the imputation of want of patriotism. It is possible even how to find 'reactionary' proprietors in Poland, who say, as they have said throughout, that the insurrection was an ill-considered outburst, so far revolutionary in its character that it was impossible to maintain it except by the employment of

violent and revolutionary means, and that for that reason it ought not to have been commenced; but among all the curiosities that the Russians are ready to show well-disposed travellers—such as half a prison, or one prison out of four, or a specimen prisoner's dinner, including all the delicacies of the season, or a prisoner who has been taught not to curse his gaolers—there is one that they have not been able to exhibit; namely, a Pole of any class or from any part of Poland who can read and write, and who does not abhor the Russian Government.

Any one knowing the subject who tries to classify the Poles that have joined and the Poles that have not joined the armed insurrection according to social rank, or even according to political principles, will soon get confused. It would be safer to adopt another kind of division, and to say that those in whom the feelings predominate over the intellect have gone out to fight, and that those in whom the intellect predominates over the feelings have stopped at home. At the same time, however, there have been special reasons for the appearance of some and the non-

appearance of others in the field. Men of all classes, conditions, and ways of thinking who had had military experience felt it their duty to give the benefit of that experience to the insurrection; and, on the other hand, influential proprietors, who were sure if they moved a step that their estates would be confiscated, have judiciously kept quiet, and have fed the insurrection with money instead of giving the Russians a pretext for depriving them of the source of all their wealth. The monks, and the great majority of the secular clergy, have supported the insurrection, whereas many of the prelates were, in the first instance, opposed to it.

In many cases the sons of rich landowners have taken up arms, while the fathers have observed an apparent neutrality; and the Imperial Government in the Polish provinces annexed to the Russian Empire has now published an edict, by which heirs to property who have joined the insurrection are deprived of their birthright by anticipation. 'Having taken into consideration,' says an order published in the 'Wilna Courier,' 'that the article of the military penal code above

mentioned is in full execution in Lithuania, where the property of insurgents is already being confiscated, it has been decided that the Article 176 of the same code must also be applied in the provinces of Kieff, Volhynia, and Podolia; and that all persons in those provinces convicted of rebellion, or of participation in the rebellion, must have their estates confiscated, *care being taken to confiscate the portions of sons which would fall to them by inheritance.*

The Russians may be taught to believe that the Polish insurrection has been, and is now, a movement against order and property directed by brigands, incendiaries, and assassins; and while they are told one day that the ranks of the insurgents are recruited exclusively from among the lowest classes, they may be told the next that the real object of the rising was to obtain the renewal of certain privileges for the Polish nobility which the Polish nobility were ready to abandon of their own accord long before any of the surrounding Powers had the least suspicion that there was anything wrong in retaining them. If the list

of Poles executed by the Russians tells sufficiently that all classes of Polish society, even to and including the peasantry, have been represented in the insurrection, the list of exiles, if it could only be published, would be found equally eloquent. From Lithuania whole villages of peasants (chiefly Catholics) have been banished, and in many of the districts under the rule of Mouravieff, not only in Lithuania, but also in the northern half of Augustowo (kingdom of Poland), every landed proprietor who has ventured to remain on his estate has been seized and imprisoned.

CHAPTER XV.

ST. PETERSBURG: DECEMBER, 1863.

LITHUANIA, the Russians will tell you, is now completely quiet. So it may be; but I should have been able to speak with more certainty on the subject if I had been allowed to stop at Grodno and Wilna, whereas I was expressly cautioned against doing so, and only permitted to go to St. Petersburg on the express understanding that I should go there direct. I must add that at Wilna I was eagerly questioned as to my motives in entering the refreshment-room, which travellers have to pass through on their way to the town. My interrogator could scarcely believe that I was intent only on dining, until I gave him practical proof that dining was at least one of my objects.

The only useful information I could acquire during my brief stay at, or rather outside, this

eminently Polish city was that the process of Russification was being applied in Lithuanian dining-rooms, and that eatinghouse-keepers were forced to give Russian names to Polish dishes. I had read that this was the case in the columns of my old friend the 'Czas,' in whose truthfulness, however, I have the best possible reasons for disbelieving. It is a fact, however—and a very foolish little fact it is—that in Lithuania the names of Polish soups and stews have now to be written in Russian characters. I don't think this will change the Lithuanian Poles who eat them into Russians. Mickiewicz and Kosciuszko would still have been Poles even had they been fed from the day of their birth upon Polish dishes with Russian names. If the Russians could replace Polish civilisation by some kind of Russian civilisation, they might accomplish their laudable purpose of denationalising Lithuania. As it is, they will not succeed, even if they send into exile half the educated people of the country. The half who would remain would still be Poles, and would still represent all the civilisation of Lithuania.

If the word *bigos* be written in Russian char-

acters, and if the curious hash called *bigos* be eaten under a Russian title, then the Pole so eating it becomes in the eyes of Mouravieff a Russian, and he becomes one just as much as do those Poles of Lithuania who are forced to put their names to loyal addresses of Russian manufacture, and couched in the Russian tongue. The Lithuanians cannot starve, and they cannot all submit to be sent into exile. It is wonderful how much importance the Russians attach to names. We all know to what, being neither human nor divine, Mouravieff may be compared; but, because he is called Michael, the Russians have discovered that he bears a wonderful resemblance to Michael the Archangel. His cruel and sensual face would not remind any one but a frantic Russian of the glorious St. Michael painted by Raphael; nor can an Englishman fancy an Archangel being Minister of domains and giving general and well-merited dissatisfaction in that capacity.

I remember with what joy the Russians, in Moscow as well as in St. Petersburg, received the news, now nearly two years ago, of the forced

retirement of Mouravieff from his post as Minister, and how his removal from office was spoken of as a concession to public opinion, which was then growing very fast, and which has grown now into something very detestable. But the Russians are a changeable people; at least as changeable in feeling as the Poles, and without those inherited principles which the Poles do not desert at all. If Mouravieff was looked upon as a species of dragon eighteen months ago, and if he is looked upon as an Archangel now, he will be regarded as something worse than a dragon before another year has passed.

Already a reaction has begun at St. Petersburg, and the better kind of Russians who have felt from the beginning that the revolutionary measures of Mouravieff were a disgrace to a country pretending to be civilised are now able to make their voices heard. The presentation to Mouravieff of images of St. Michael (bearing the blasphemous inscription, 'Thy name is victory'), and the foundation at Wilna, and in Mouravieff's honour, of a church dedicated to St. Michael (in which perpetual prayers, we are told, are to be

offered up by the Lithuanians for the executioner of the best men in Lithuania)—these unseemly and irreverent manifestations mark the climax of Mouravieff's popularity; the 'Archangel' will now begin to fall, and we may be sure will some day be spurned by those who at the present moment are prostrate at his feet.

Putting the question of reverence on one side, it is strange, as a mere matter of comparison, that a man who does not fight at all himself, and who encourages and directs others to fight unfairly, should be thought to resemble an angelic warrior. It was, in fact, by the dragon of social revolution that the heroic insurgents of Lithuania were vanquished. Mouravieff raised this dragon, and it is still rampant. Although I did not enter the towns of Grodno and Wilna, I travelled along the Lithuanian Railway, and saw not only the devastated forest land on each side of the line, but at several of the stations the peasants armed with pikes, whom the 'Archangel,' by appealing to their envy, cupidity, and fanaticism, incited to attack all who were not peasants like themselves. The Russian St. Michael certainly made the dragon his ally,

and this is already understood by many persons in St. Petersburg, though by very few, I believe, as yet in the more holy city of Moscow.

I do not know whether English readers have ever asked themselves how it is that Wilna and Kovno have shown themselves so much more Polish in feeling than other parts of Lithuania. In an ethnological point of view neither of these provinces is eminently Polish, and the number of Poles by race in the Government of Kovno does not amount to three per cent. on the entire population. But, on the other hand, if we classify the inhabitants of this Government by religion, we find that the enemies of Poland—that is to say, the members of what the Russians call the 'orthodox' and the Poles the 'schismatic' Church—are scarcely more than three per cent. strong (3·33, according to Busching's statistical tables); and when the Russians ask, with real or affected indignation, how a province in which less than the thirtieth part of the population is Polish can be claimed as forming part of Poland, the answer to make to them is—because, with the exception of a little more than one thirtieth part of the popu-

lation, the whole population is Polish in feeling. This calculation is perhaps unduly favourable to the Russians; for it is more than doubtful, as I will afterwards show, whether the members of the 'orthodox' Church in Kovno, Wilna, and, indeed, in Lithuania generally, do not regret their forced separation from the Latin Communion. But, admitting even that the 30,000 Russo-Greeks of the Kovno province, which contains altogether about 1,000,000 inhabitants, are sincerely attached to the Russian Church, the fact remains that in Kovno the movement in favour of Polish independence has been as general and as difficult to suppress as in any of the provinces of the kingdom of Poland where the Russians are willing to admit that a Pole is really a Pole.

As the inhabitants of England do not as a rule know whether they are of Celtic or Germanic race, but feel all the same that they are Englishmen, so the inhabitants of Poland and Lithuania, wherever they have not been brought under the influence of Russian priests, feel that they are Poles, without knowing or caring under what ethnological heading they may be classed in sta-

tistical tables. But where the Russian Church and Russian teaching predominate, and where hatred of Poles is inculcated as a primary virtue, there the cause of Poland is indeed hopeless. The Polish insurrection broke out first and in greatest force in the Catholic kingdom of Poland; it broke out secondly, and in less force, in Lithuania, where the Russo-Greeks are slightly in the majority; and it broke out thirdly and was at once suppressed by the inhabitants themselves in the Ruthenian provinces (Volhynia, Podolia, and Kieff), where the Russo-Greeks are to the Roman Catholics in the proportion of ten to one.

What holds good of the whole territory of the ancient Polish republic holds good also of Lithuania in particular; and thus it happens that the rising in favour of Polish independence has been most formidable, and has lasted longest in the Government of Kovno which is the most Catholic, but, in an ethnological sense, the least Polish of all the Lithuanian governments. The Russian Government has sufficiently Russianised the Ruthenian provinces for immediate fighting purposes, and if it had any spare civilisation to introduce

there, might in time make the peasants Russian in the full sense of the word; but it has no hold whatever on the inhabitants of Kovno and Wilna or of any districts in the other Lithuanian governments where the Russo-Greeks are not greatly in the majority. In Lithuania, generally, it is easy to stop any demonstration on the part of the educated classes—who, with scarcely an exception, are Catholics—by raising up the Russo-Greek peasantry against them; but this creditable plan cannot be applied to regions where all classes are bound together by a common religious faith, and receive the same religious teaching.

It would be an error to suppose that only the Catholic inhabitants of Poland feel as Poles; but there is a positive anti-Polish feeling among all the peasantry who belong, of their own free-will, to the Russian Church, and are under the influence of the Russian clergy. In Lithuania, however, whatever may have been the case in the Ruthenian provinces, it seems by no means certain that the peasants forced to quit the Greek-Uniate for the Russo-Greek religion, have ever become sincerely attached to the latter. Russian evidence on such

a subject as this is of the highest value, and in the secret report drawn up by General Nazimoff, Governor-General of Wilna, in October 1860, the following important passages occur: *—

'The orthodox religion was re-established in Lithuania by the reconciliation of the Greek Uniates to the orthodox faith. The masses, weak in the principles of that faith, *and even not understanding that they were returning to the religion of their forefathers,* required the guidance of sensible and indefatigable pastors. . . . . Their want of education (i.e., of the rural clergy of the orthodox faith) develops an inattention and even carelessness in the execution of their duties. Through their cupidity and the extreme poverty of their domestic life, not rendered independent by adequate salaries, while they are at the same time placed in exclusive relation to the impoverished peasants, necessarily dependent on them; the village priests are thus reduced to the level of the lower orders, and, losing the dignity which should appertain to their office, exercise no moral or religious influence over their parish-

* See Appendix, vol. i. No. III.

ioners. With regard to the outward condition of the churches, it is impossible not to perceive that they are at present, as formerly, in a state of neglect and poverty, especially in the less populous districts. The contrast which the orthodox churches thus present in their exterior to the churches of the Roman Catholic faith, to which all the nobility and gentry of the western provinces [i.e., Polish provinces incorporated with the Russian empire] belong, and which are distinguished alike by their external grandeur and their internal magnificence, naturally suggests to the lower orders the supremacy of the Catholic religion. At the same time it is impossible for the poor peasant to add to the splendour of the orthodox churches.'

'During thirty years,' says the Governor-General of Wilna, in another part of the same report, 'notwithstanding the severe measures adopted towards the local population, which were a constant inducement towards reactionary movements —notwithstanding various privileges granted to Russian nobles in the leasing of estates and other advantages extended to them—these measures have, nevertheless, not had the effect of drawing

Lithuania closer to Russia, *of confirming among the Greek uniates the orthodoxy which has so feeble a hold on them*, of spreading a knowledge of the Russian language, or of increasing in the country the number of native Russians. The latter consideration is more especially important, because the chief authorities of the province are reduced to the necessity of confiding the execution of all administrative measures, whether official or secret, to functionaries belonging to the local population, and connected with it by their religion, their families, their language, and their relations generally.'

It would appear, in short, from this secret report, as well as from the one drawn up two years later on the same subject by the Minister of the Interior, that those Russians who have the best sources of information open to them agree with the Poles in not regarding the forced converts of Lithuania as very steadfast adherents to the Russian faith. Russia's title to Lithuania is recognised by every State in Europe, and is at least as valid as that of Austria to Venetia. But when Russian writers, and even the Russian Govern-

ment, pretend that Russia holds Lithuania in virtue of the will of the majority of its inhabitants, that statement may be fairly questioned; while any assertion to the effect that it is supported in any part of its Polish dominions by any section of the educated population must be met by a positive denial, based on the testimony of a Lithuanian Governor-General, and of the Minister of the Interior of the Russian Empire. The 'Polish minority' is justly described by the Minister of the Interior as 'consisting of the most educated classes of society—of the nobility, the clergy, and the Government officials, of the teachers and the taught.'

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. PETERSBURG: JANUARY, 1863.

In reference to the general direction of the Polish movement I have often found it necessary to call attention to the manner in which the news department is conducted. The Polish news for the most part represents, not what has really occurred, but what the Poles would have liked to occur, and this is true even of acts of violence and cruelty attributed with or without foundation to the Russians. If the Russians had from the beginning done their best to suppress the insurrection, without hesitation and without cruelty, they would have been attacked anew all the same for the original crime from which the Polish insurrections spring; but, at least, that additional amount of sympathy would not have been felt for the Poles that has now been called forth by the inhuman manner in which in this latest instance

they have been treated. The more the Russians have excited the indignation of Europe the better the Poles have been pleased, for the greater their chance has been of getting assistance; and strange and horrible as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that they expect and require for their own purposes a continuous series of cruel acts on the part of the Russians, and, if such acts are not wantonly committed, do not mind provoking them.

Proceeding a step further, I will not say that the directors of the Polish insurrection deliberately invent accusations against the Russians. I speak generally, for there may be exceptions to the rule, and if it is considered patriotic to publish accounts of risings in Podolia, where there has been no rising, and pictures of battles at places in Volhynia, where there have been no battles, it may be also considered patriotic to increase the general interest taken in the affairs of Poland by other means, and to add an additional blackness to the already sufficiently black reputation of Poland's great enemy. In any case the Poles are naturally delighted to accept and circulate without verification any rumours calculated to injure the Russians;

and once accepted, put into form, and sent about, either by telegraph or in a letter, the rumours penetrate into almost every journal in Western Europe.

As for the stories told from mouth to mouth in Warsaw concerning the misdeeds of the Russians in that very city, I found that not one in half a dozen was based on truth, while those that were not absolutely and entirely false were always false to some extent. For this the Russians have, in a great measure, to thank themselves. They will tolerate neither publicity nor free inquiry where they fancy that it is to their advantage to check it; and as people *will* have news of the Polish insurrection, and as rumours *will* get abroad, and acquire *vires* as well as *virus* in getting there, the West of Europe often forms a worse opinion of the Russians than the plain facts (if it were always possible to ascertain them) might justify. The Russians have done so much that is inexcusable in Poland that one does not feel inclined, or at all bound, to examine minor charges against them, which, if properly inquired into, would frequently, no doubt, turn out to be untrue.

Sometimes, when the same incident is related in one way by the Russians and in another by the Poles, it at least becomes evident that an incident resembling, more or less, either the Russian or the Polish version has taken place. Otherwise, no one who has himself witnessed incidents during the Polish insurrection, and has afterwards seen the conflicting and equally untrue accounts published of them by the Russians and by the Poles, can, as a rule, feel justified in believing either side.

At the same time, it would be a very easy, but would not be a just way to get out of the difficulty to say that because the Russians make false accusations against the Poles, and the Poles false accusations against the Russians, therefore it is impossible to decide which of the two have behaved the worst in Poland. The most the Russians can say for themselves is that they have not behaved more cruelly than their enemies—which for a regular Government carrying on war against bands of undisciplined insurgents is not a very proud boast. The Poles, it must be remembered, are obliged to look upon all insurgents who present themselves as good enough for the insur-

rection, and bands may no doubt have appeared in various parts of the country subject to no proper control, and composed of such vagabonds and marauders as the ferment of revolution is sure to bring to the surface equally with men of conviction and of true patriotism. It would not be quite fair to regard every troop of Kouban Cossacks as representing the Russian army, but it would be the grossest injustice to look upon every stray band of Polish insurgents as representing the Polish insurrection.

There is one class of stories which in the West of Europe is never heard of, but which forms the great bulk of the news from Poland published in the journals of St. Petersburg and Moscow. I mean the accounts of 'atrocities' alleged to have been committed by the Poles, and which, true or false, are quite as abundantly supplied to the Russian newspapers as similar accounts of Russian 'atrocities' are to the *Czas*. I never see any of these stories contradicted, for we have no Poles here likely to attempt the part that M. de Berg enacts in London. The Russians in England can profit by the English love of fair play to make

their voices heard in reply to attacks from the Poles; but what would the position of a Pole in St. Petersburg be who should venture to deny even the foulest calumny uttered by the Russians against his defenceless countrymen?

The Russians can say what they please about the Polish insurrection, and they will take care that no one shall contradict them in their own newspapers nor in any newspapers published in Russia. Therefore their statements on the subject are next to valueless, and they have been treated as such all over Europe. I do not suppose that in the Government newspapers of Russia official accounts are falsified by the editors; but it is the same thing as if they were, for, however erroneous they may be, and whatever motives may exist on the part of their authors for falsifying them, no correction under any circumstances is possible.

The effect of printing in the Russian papers the most horrible accusations against the Poles, of which for the most part it is impossible to test the truthfulness, has of course been to irritate the Russian public against them beyond measure; and, at first, one is somewhat astonished to find the

Poles spoken of here much as the Russians are spoken of at Cracow. Poland, according to the Russian press, would seem to be a country that produces nothing but liars, thieves, and assassins. Why such persons should have engaged in a desperate struggle for national freedom, which is not at all necessary for men who have only mean and bad objects to pursue, is of course not explained. The Russian papers content themselves with adducing real or pretended 'facts,' which in all probability are presented with as much fidelity as marks their translations of the letters on Polish affairs published in the English newspapers. Thus 'Le Nord' has learnt the art of rendering English into French so as to give it an entirely different signification from that of the original, and probably many of the Russian papers dress up their facts after the same fashion.

Another strange notion of the Russians on the subject of the Polish insurrection is that it was planned and prepared by the Marquis Wielopolski. This seems to be a very general belief, and there are many even who freely hint that the Marquis had an illustrious patron who aided him

in his curious enterprise. Political fancy can scarcely go further than this, and people who can believe that the Marquis Wielopolski planned the insurrection in Poland, which he, above all men, knew could not possibly succeed, and which he, above all men, really desired to prevent, must be capable of believing anything, except what is really credible. The Marquis Wielopolski has always had a horror of popular movements, and it was to avert the calamities which he, in common with nearly all the calmer and more educated portion of the Polish public, saw must be the consequence of an outbreak with little or nothing except sentiment to support it that the measure of the 'proscription' was adopted. That measure was an odious one, but its object was to weaken the class of men in all the Polish towns who were bent on insurrection, and, indeed, had already been sworn in by the agents of the Central Committee of Warsaw. The Russians conclude, merely from the result, that the Marquis must have wished the rising to take place, because it was he who, in spite of the Emperor's unwillingness to sanction it, persisted in introducing the very measure by which the rising was provoked.

It is assumed, too, that the administration of the kingdom was changed by the Marquis from Russian to Polish; but the fact is it was almost entirely Polish before. Nevertheless, the Russian notion on the subject is that the Marquis Wielopolski prepared the way for the National Government by getting rid of all the Russians in the administration, and that, at what he considered the proper moment, he ordered the arbitrary military recruitment, so as to drive the people to insurrection, and at the same time gave the rising a colourable pretext in the eyes of Europe.

All this is very ingenious, and if you do not admit that it gives the true explanation of the Polish outbreak, and of the remarkable success which for some time attended it, the Russians will ask you how it happened that when the first bands were formed in the close vicinity of Warsaw neither the Marquis, nor the Grand Duke, nor General Ramsay, the acting commander of the forces, could think of any plan for dispersing or capturing them? To this question no satisfactory answer can be given. The more enthusi-

astic Poles will tell you that their untrained and, for the most part, unarmed men were invincible. The more excitable and credulous among the Russians will declare that their troops were treacherously commanded to fire over the insurgents' heads. It does not seem to occur to either side that there may have been a sincere wish on the part of the authorities at Warsaw to avoid bloodshed as long as possible. The Russians regard the feeble action of the Grand Duke's Government, when the insurrection had once begun, as all of a piece with the measures which preceded and led to it; while the Poles, on the other hand, say either that the Russians did their best to put the insurrection down from the very beginning, but found it too much for them, or else that they allowed it to spread under the impression that it would never become very great, and that it would be a good thing to let it grow to its natural dimensions at once.

There are even Russians who are firmly convinced that the Marquis Wielopolski was a member, and, indeed, the prime director of the Polish National Government. According to this amus-

ing theory, the ignorant and unseemly attack made upon the Marquis in the French Senate by Prince Napoleon was only a feint, and the equally unbecoming reply from Count Sigismund Wielopolski a feint also. Yet nothing is more certain than that the Prince had been taught to regard the Marquis as a man who, for the sake of place and power, had betrayed his country to the Russians, and that the Count sincerely looked upon the Prince as the type of those 'friends of Poland' who lure the Poles with false hopes and urge them on in every possible manner to their own destruction. The duel between Count Sigismund Wielopolski and Count Branicki, if it took place at all, was of course a sham duel; but the dismissal of the Marquis Wielopolski (for the Russians maintain that he was dismissed) was a genuine act enough, and was caused by a tardy discovery on the part of the Imperial Government that he had been undermining its power from the beginning, and had been throughout in league with its enemies.

The Russian Ministers and high officials have a theory of their own as to the origin of the

Polish insurrection, which they do not attribute in any way to bad government in the ordinary sense of the term, but simply to want of vigour in repressing its first manifestations of the revolutionary spirit in Poland. The demon of 'cosmopolite revolution' had been for some time wandering about Europe, 'seeking,' like the raging lion of Scripture, 'whom he might devour,' when he at last found an entry into the ill-guarded Polish possessions of Russia. Under the mild rule of Prince Gortschakoff in the kingdom of Poland, and of General Nazimoff in Lithuania, the revolutionary and cosmopolitan demon did as he pleased, and, profiting by the power which the evil spirit is known to possess of transforming himself at will, appeared in the character and historical garb of a Pole. Foreigners were deceived, as the demon meant them to be, and thought they saw a real Pole indignant at his country's wrongs. Even Gortschakoff and Nazimoff did not know what to make of the apparition. They fired at it occasionally, but that only made it worse. Then, for six weeks, Prince Gortschakoff gave up Warsaw to it altogether, his

troops watching its strange performances from the citadel. Then he summoned up courage to fire at it again. At last the demon attacked tooth and nail those who had so incautiously admitted him into their territories; and it was not until a worse demon appeared against him in the shape of Mouravieff that he was cast out, at least from Lithuania.

It is not only in despatches written for the benefit of foreigners that the above theory as to the real meaning of the Polish insurrection is set forth. It is developed apparently in all sincerity by the Minister of the Interior in the secret memoir drawn up by him in October 1862, on the manifestations in Lithuania, of which several copies have got abroad, and from which there can be no harm in quoting the opening passage. 'The revolutionary movement long fostered in Germany,' says the memoir in question,— 'quelled energetically in France, and so remarkably successful in the Italian peninsula, soon extended itself to the principal portions of ancient Poland, to Posen, to Galicia, and to the present kingdom. While, however, Galicia and Posen,

restrained by the strong and regular action of the Austrian and Prussian Governments, limited themselves to weak demonstrations of sympathy for what was taking place in the South-West of Europe, Warsaw, the capital of the kingdom of Poland, encouraged by the mild rule of Prince Gortschakoff, commenced an open contest with its legal Government. Giving to their opposition the new and distinctive character of an unarmed insurrection, the chiefs of the revolutionary movement in the kingdom of Poland made every endeavour to strengthen their position abroad by engaging the sympathies of the Western Powers through the aid of the foreign press, and the publication of accusations against Russia; and in the interior of the empire by introducing a revolutionary propaganda, especially among the inhabitants of the Western Provinces, of Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, Kieff, and the two provinces of White Russia.' *

Curiously enough, among the recommendations made by the author of the memoir for arresting the effect of the Polish 'revolutionary' propa-

* See Appendix, vol. i. No. III.

ganda is the following:—'Maintain constantly the antagonism between the nobles and the peasantry, and prevent by every possible means any fusion of those classes.'

It is known in what an atrocious manner this recommendation was carried out by Mouravieff, and it does certainly strike one at first as somewhat strange that the Russians, while manifesting such a holy horror of everything revolutionary, should pay such homage to a man who has only succeeded in checking a national and political insurrection by meeting it with social revolution.

I hear of a glimmer of reason, justice, dignity, even humanity, having appeared in Russia; and of a Russian gentleman occupying a high official position in St. Petersburg having spoken with disgust of Mouravieff, and with disgust still greater of those who subscribed to buy him an image of his supposed prototype St. Michael. Mouravieff's friends have certainly done him a strange service in endeavouring to establish a resemblance between him and an archangel; and a few Russians already understand that to address to Mouravieff such words as 'Thy name is

Victory' is to confound the inhuman with the divine. But unfortunately—not so much for Poland as for Russia herself—the Mouravieff worshippers still form a crushing majority even in St. Petersburg, where people are thought, nevertheless, to be more sane on the subject of the Polish insurrection than in Moscow. The Russian who has had enough true patriotism to feel that the honours paid to Mouravieff are a disgrace to Russia is assailed in a manner which only proves that the assailants do not understand the remarkable distinction existing between the executioner and the soldier. Old Souvaroff, it is said, would not have hesitated to subscribe to the St. Michael testimonial, but, whether he would have done so or not, Mouravieff has shown none of Souvaroff's qualities, except what is called in Russia 'energy,' and in other countries 'ferocity.' Souvaroff was, at least, a great general, and one of the few men of original and native genius that Russia has produced; and to suggest even that Mouravieff is a man of the same type—well, after all, it is not much, considering that he had just before been compared to an archangel.

It is almost as puzzling to a foreigner to explain the frantic admiration with which Mouravieff is regarded in Russia as to make out the various Russian theories of the Polish insurrection. The more I think of it, however, the more I am convinced that Mouravieff is idolised here simply because he is execrated abroad, and that the adulation paid to him by his fellow-countrymen is the reply made by a proud and irritated nation to the reproofs, sometimes unmerited, and to the threats never meant to be carried out of foreigners. The conduct of Mouravieff has been publicly condemned in assemblies which the Russians feel have no right to interfere in the suppression of an insurrection in Lithuania; and Mouravieff acting with redoubled energy (or ferocity) at Wilna is to them the symbol of Russia defying the West of Europe. Though the Russians will not condescend to say so, I can scarcely believe that they take pleasure in hearing that men have been executed as criminals for having fought as patriots. No one can blame them for wishing to retain Lithuania, nor for rejoicing that the Lithuanian insurrection is suppressed; but, unless

they are really unable to perceive any distinction between the noble and the ignoble, it is impossible to understand their elevation of a cruel and unscrupulous governor into the position of a hero.

Paskievitch was not made the subject of any extravagant eulogiums when he took Warsaw; yet Paskievitch was a brave soldier, and at least risked his life and his military reputation in fighting against the Poles—fighting against them, moreover, with clean weapons, and not with the foul arm of revolution. As for Mouravieff, he has only done what any official who 'dareth more' than 'doth become a man,' might have accomplished in an equally short space of time. The Russians say that he braved the condemnation of all Europe, and of 'false patriots' among his own countrymen. If it be some day admitted in Russia that Europe took a just view of Mouravieff's conduct, and that the 'false patriots' among the Russians were men who in the midst of great difficulties still kept the honour of their country in view, then it will be said of him, as of some other great criminals, that he braved the opprobrium of the civilised world.

CHAPTER XVII.

MOSCOW: JANUARY, 1864.

ALTHOUGH the Russian Government exiles men who have in no way broken the law, and whom it cannot convict of any species of offence, it nevertheless does not treat such men precisely as criminals. I know instances in which innocent persons thus exiled 'by administrative order' have been treated with consideration by the authorities of the kingdom of Poland as well as by those of Russia proper. Full notice of the hour of departure has been given them. Their relations have been allowed, if not to accompany them, at least to follow them immediately afterwards; and there have been cases even in which the original destination of a prisoner (of the class of perfectly innocent men, be it understood) has been changed to enable his friends to visit him with less inconvenience.

Russia is answering now for an old sin, from the effects of which she cannot recover unless she completely transforms herself, and for which she could not fully atone without committing suicide. I do not think the Russian Government wishes to add cruelty to cruelty and crime to crime. Being in a criminal position it cannot act with virtue. Leniency is not its aim; but nevertheless it would be unfair not to admit that it punishes very differently those of whose culpability it has no proof, and those whom it has been able to convict of some positive offence.

We must not expect figs from thistles, or justice from the Russian Government, and in the meanwhile, that there may be no mistake as to its general conduct towards the innocent persons exiled 'by administrative measures,' I will quote the words of the 'Voice' on the subject, the 'Voice' (Goloss) being one of the most liberal journals published in St. Petersburg, where liberalism, even in speaking and writing, is not in fashion just now. The remarks of the 'Voice' on the pleasures of exile, as arranged by the Russian Government, are reproduced by the 'Journal de St. Peters-

bourg,' in order to show what 'absurdities' are spread by the foreign press in reference to persons transported from Poland to Russia 'without being allowed even to take farewell of their families,' &c. One Russian paper proves triumphantly by the aid of another that exiles *are* allowed to take leave of their families. The fact that they are banished upon mere suspicion is a detail to which no importance is attached. It is quite true that Poles, who are particularly disliked by the Russian Government, either as violent patriots or as patriots still more dangerous from their wisdom and moderation, are transported to Voroneje, to Perm, to the frontiers af Siberia; but it appears that some foreign journals have uttered calumnies in asserting that the innocent persons sent by administrative order into exile are not allowed to say good-bye to their friends. As a matter of fact, there is no great injustice in taking Poles at random and exiling them without trial or formal accusation, if to hate Russia and to wish every possible harm to the Russian Government be a crime on the part of a Pole; but as a matter of principle it is, perhaps, a mistake for a Govern-

ment which had begun to adopt legal forms in its dealings with its subjects to discard now all semblance of legality, and return to its own native customs of the sixteenth century (when, for example, thousands of families were transported from Novgorod to Moscow), while hypocritically pretending, through its defenders, to have borrowed the practice of expatriation, with all the other bad points in its actual system, from the west of Europe.

'Formerly,' says the 'Goloss,' 'when the system of deportation was not yet in use among us—a system so well known in Western Europe, and above all in France, where, after the 2nd of December 1851, tens of thousands of persons distasteful to the new Government were deported—we had very few persons condemned to exile, especially at Warsaw; and they were always permitted not only to take leave of their parents and friends, but, as was the case with Epstein, the ex-Minister of Finance of the Central Committee, and many others, after sentence had been passed upon them, to reside for some time longer under inspection in the bosom of their families, for the settlement of

their affairs. Now that the measure of exile through administrative channels has been fully adopted—a measure as beneficial for the country as for the individuals themselves—the mode of transporting all persons temporarily exiled, we say it with our hand on our conscience (*sic*), does the greatest honour to our Government, and it is doubtful whether as much would be done in countries priding themselves on their so-called constitutional government.'

'If,' continues the writer, 'the exiles belong to the class of public functionaries, they draw half-pay during the whole time of their banishment from the kingdom of Poland; while to those who are not in the public service either permanent allowances or allowances from month to month are made. The families of persons arrested in order to be transported'—not to be tried or examined, be it observed, but simply to be transported—'receive immediately the money necessary for providing them with warm garments and other indispensable things. For interviews with persons sent off by the railway so many tickets are delivered that, according to eye-witnesses, the

spacious terminus of the Warsaw and St. Petersburg Railway, at the moment of departure, is so crowded that it is difficult to move about in it. The relatives, in taking leave of the exiles, do not, it is true, know their ultimate destination; but this cannot be avoided. Persons sent away from Warsaw are taken first to Pskoff, and it is there only that their place of residence is determined by a special commission. If the families of the exiles wish to accompany them, not only is no difficulty made about allowing them to do so, but there have been instances of whole convoys being delayed and the departure put off for several days in order to give the families time to prepare for the journey.'

All this is very polite on the part of the Russian Government, and must be charming for those who do not mind being punished without having committed any offence. In the meanwhile, leaving the Russians to console themselves for the renewed and redoubled, or rather centupled, arbitrariness of their Government by the reflection that numbers of persons were exiled in an arbitrary manner from France after the 2nd of December,

let us inquire how many of these unhappy Poles, with or without their families, have fallen victims to that 'measure of exile through administrative channels' which the 'Voice' declares is 'as beneficial to the country as to the individuals themselves'—a doubtful declaration by the way, inasmuch as the benefit of exile to the persons exiled is by no means clear.

After comparing calculations made at Warsaw with others made at St. Petersburg, I found in January 1864,* that on the average about 300 exiles a week had reached St. Petersburg during the previous ten months from Lithuania and the kingdom of Poland. This gave already a total of about 13,000 from the kingdom and the northern Polish provinces. From the south-eastern Polish (or south-western Russian) provinces the exiles did not pass through St. Petersburg; but from this portion of ancient Poland, where, whether or not the pure Russian element be strong, the pure Polish element is decidedly weak, the number of persons exiled, as also of those executed,

* The insurrection lasted some months longer, and the deportations have scarcely ceased now (July 1865).

has been comparatively small. It is for this reason, no doubt, that when after-dinner telegrams are sent to Mouravieff and Berg informing them that their health has been drunk, the same compliment is never paid to General Annenkoff. Reputation hangs upon such trifles. If General Annenkoff, besides exciting the peasants against the proprietors, had hanged half a hundred more insurgents at Kieff and Zitomir, and burnt a few thousand acres of wood, he still would not have been regarded as one of the saviours of the Russian dominion in Poland—for in the southern provinces the Russian dominion was never seriously threatened; but he might at least have been treated by courtesy as the equal of Mouravieff and Berg, the two great military saints of modern Russia—as St. Vladimir is styled by the orthodox Church 'the equal of the Apostles.'

All the Russian papers are now speaking of a ball given at Warsaw, by General Berg, and it is mentioned as though there were something remarkable in the fact that no Polish ladies were present. On the other hand, what is very re-

markable indeed is the published report of a ball given at Lomza by Poles to Russians. Whatever the merits of the Russians may be in their own country, they are never admitted to Polish houses, except of course when they present themselves in order to institute a search or to make an arrest. This was the case before the insurrection broke out, and long before this particular insurrection was thought of. What, then, have the Russians done of late to make themselves so much beloved, or, at least, so much admired, by the Poles that these unhappy people, who have long ceased to dance themselves, and who would all be in mourning if the wearing of mourning were not punished as a crime, should give them a ball? As if to render the whole story incredible, even to their own sufficiently credulous readers, the Russian journals add that, 'according to the Polish custom,' the gentlemen and ladies who got up this very curious entertainment served their guests with their own hands.

We know how signatures are obtained to the sham addresses of loyalty sent from various parts of Poland to St. Petersburg. The signatures must

be affixed, or the reasons why stated; and the very reasons that every Pole has for detesting the Russian Government are precisely those which, if avowed, would cause his exile to Siberia or to the interior of Russia as a disaffected person. From extorting complimentary and adulatory addresses to extorting invitations is only a step; but it is strange, nevertheless, that Russian journalists should regard such invitations as serious and sincere.

It would, nevertheless, be interesting to know with what object these balls are got up in a country where executions are still of daily occurrence. Apparently the intention is to deceive the Russian public, who hearing of all sorts of peaceful entertainments being given, may fancy that the cities in which they take place are tolerably tranquil. When I was in Warsaw, two men were hanged in front of the theatre. Soon after the execution I passed through the square. The bodies were still hanging; hundreds of women were still kneeling on the ground, sobbing and praying for the fanatics whom they regarded as martyrs; and every building that

could be seen was closed except the theatre, of which the doors were doubtless kept open in order to prove that gaiety reigned in Warsaw. The bills announced a 'dancing *divertissement*,' for the evening; but when the evening came the performers (thinking, perhaps that the dancing *divertissement* of the morning was enough) refused to appear. They pleaded various excuses, and, among others, fear lest the building should be set on fire. The performance, however, ultimately took place before the usual number of Russian officers and of the sort of Polish women who, of their own free will, would be least unlikely to invite Russians to a ball. The entertainment at Lomza was no doubt as lively, as national, as respectable, and as spontaneous an affair as the ballet given as if by way of afterpiece to the hanging scene at Warsaw.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOSCOW: FEBRUARY, 1864.

THE 'Moscow News' did me the honour some weeks ago, to publish a long article on the subject of my letters from St. Petersburg. In one of these a mistake had been made, and a serious, and as it afterwards turned out, perfectly unfounded accusation brought against the Russians of Moscow. It may be pleaded in extenuation that the groundless charge was not made in malice. Knowing that in the more humane St. Petersburg there were men who disapproved the lawless and reckless manner in which the Polish insurrection was being suppressed, and who regretted the acts of necessary severity and condemned the acts of wanton cruelty committed by the Russian Governors, I thought there might be some such even in Moscow, and readily gave what was intended

for a favourable interpretation to a paragraph in a St. Petersburg paper, stating that certain professors and writers of eminence had not been present at the dinner of the Moscow University, from which the usual complimentary telegram was sent to Wilna. Hence much rage on the part of the journal to which several of the said writers and professors contribute, and indignant protestations against what is regarded as an unjustifiable reflection on their patriotism. The unintentional insult is one for which it is easy to make amends. If you fancy that a lady generally reputed ugly and vicious may yet have some redeeming points, and hint, for instance, that her eyes are not so bad and that she is not quite without heart, and she replies that she prides herself on her stony disposition and her squint, and that you only pay her compliments because you wish to ruin her; of course the only thing to do is to let her have her scolding out, and then agree with her on all points except the last. The most ferocious, and also the most inglorious of all the Russian generals engaged in suppressing the Polish insurrection, is really a man after the

Russians' own heart. So let it be. Only it is untrue that he is execrated in England (as patriotic Russians suggest) because the English wish to see the Polish insurrection indefinitely prolonged, with a view to the enfeeblement of Russia. He is judged by the general voice on his own merits, without any reference to the question whether the Russians would ultimately gain or lose by being driven out of Poland.

The 'Moscow News' is the great patriotic organ of holy and ferocious Russia, or, at least, is so considered by its numerous readers, who do not seem to reflect that, however meritorious it may be in other respects, it is scarcely 'patriotic' on the part of Russians to desire at all hazards—even to the injury of Russia Proper—to Russianise Lithuania. No Russian who holds a pen can, in his heart, look upon Lithuania as forming an integral part of his native land, or he must regard Mickiewicz and Kosciusko as his fellow-countrymen, which he would scarcely pretend to do. Every blow that is struck in Lithuania is felt by the Poles, while the Russians rejoice over the sufferings of the Lithuanians and applaud the

devastation of the Lithuanian country. It requires no Solomon to decide to which of the rival mothers the tortured child naturally belongs, though if the question of natural right be not raised, it is also perfectly certain that conquest has made Lithuania one of Russia's legitimate possessions. The 'Moscow News' has all the same a special reputation for patriotism, and if it should some day find out that by encouraging the most violent abuses of arbitrary rule in Lithuania and in Poland generally it has strengthened the cause of despotism throughout Russia, it at least had made no such discovery up to Christmas-day last (old style).

But the perpetuation of arbitrary rule in Russia may be a patriotic idea? Without a strong military Government, the spy system, and secret tribunals, the Russians can never hold provinces in which all the educated class is Polish and animated by the most bitter hostility against everything Russian. Nor can it for a moment be supposed that Russia will ever, of her own accord, give up these provinces, some of which have now belonged to her for nearly a century,

and which all Russians for the last thirty or forty years have been systematically taught to regard as not Polish at all, but Russian. Russian writers and professors, under State guidance, have altered history to suit State policy, as Molière's doctors changed the position of the heart to suit their own ignorance. At the time of the first partition of Poland, Podolia, with the knowledge and consent of the Empress Catherine, was claimed by Austria as an ancient possession of the Hungarian Crown. Russians who doubt this fact may consult the collected manifestoes of the partitioning Powers, among which they will find an elaborate piece of historical lying, entitled '*Droits de la Couronne de Hongrie sur la Podolie et la Russie Rouge.*' Austria adjudged to herself an equivalent for her alleged rights over Podolia, and when, some twenty years afterwards, Podolia wes seized by the Russians, the sole pretext for taking possession of it and other Polish provinces was that the Poles were an unruly set of people, unable to govern themselves, and that they ought, therefore, to be despoiled of their territory. No historical right to any portion of ancient Poland

was advanced by Russia at the time of the partition; and though it was asserted during the reign of Alexander I., no heed was paid to it by that well-meaning and well-informed monarch. It was not until after the accession of Nicholas, and, above all, after the Polish insurrection of 1830, that the Polish provinces incorporated with the Russian empire were officially declared to be Russian, and that the new historical theory was ordered to be taught in all Russian and Polish schools as the only one genuine.

The historical claims of Russia to provinces which were first won, and which are now kept by the sword, form a curious subject of study, no doubt, like those of Austria to Podolia, and of the Russia of the present day to Eastern Galicia. But in viewing the Polish question as it actually presents itself, the important matter to consider is not whether a regularly organised State called Russia existed in the fourteenth century, and whether the Russia of modern times has or has not a right to claim as Russian all territory that has ever been called White Russia, Black Russia, Red Russia, or Russia of any other colour; but

simply what the Russians of the present day *think and feel* on the subject of their asserted historical right to all Russian Poland not comprised in the Congress kingdom. It is a common remark in Russia that if the Poles had only demanded political freedom under the Russian Crown for that portion of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw which in 1815 was emphatically christened 'Poland,' it would have been possible to make some arrangement with them. Of course no thoroughly satisfactory arrangement would have been made, but it might have been to the advantage of the Poles all the same—if they *would* resort to arms—to have confined their efforts to an aim less unattainable than the one which they actually proposed to themselves. The Government would still have refused to treat with rebels, but at least the hostility of the whole Russian nation would not have been excited, and it would have been more difficult than it actually has been to persuade the Russian people that the true object of the Polish rising was to break up and subjugate Russia.

The insane attempt at insurrection in the neighbourhood of Kieff—the religious and political

capital of ancient Russia, and which has lawfully belonged to the modern Russian empire for nearly two centuries—raised the patriotic indignation of the Russians to the highest pitch. The news of this armed manifestation, which ended so tragically for the Polish students of the Kieff University, and the report that bands of insurgents had been seen not very far from Smolensk (from which city many Polish residents were carried away to the east of Russia and to Siberia), made the inhabitants of Moscow think that the time had come, not only for the Government to suppress, without delay, a formidable insurrection, but also for the Russian people to join in resisting an invasion. It was then that Prince Shtcherbatoff, the newly elected Mayor of Moscow, went to St. Petersburg with his unacceptable proposition for organising a local guard, to be composed exclusively of volunteers—not, of course, that the Poles were expected at Moscow, but because it was the general desire to dispose at once of their claims upon Russian territory, and for that purpose to liberate as many troops as possible from service in the heart of Russia. The claims in question were no

doubt purposely exaggerated by the representatives of the Government; and it was easy to confuse in the popular mind the province of Kieff, which belonged to Poland until the second partition, with the city of Kieff, which was ceded by agreement long before. The desperately wild movement outside Kieff ought by all means to have been avoided. It could not by any possibility have benefited the Poles, being such a feeble and hopeless attempt that it scarcely even served to create a diversion in favour of the insurgents in other parts; and, on the other hand, it raised all the national and religious animosity of the Russians, an effect which the rebellion of 1830 scarcely produced at all.

Without speaking again of the various means employed by the Government to excite the hatred of all classes of Russians against the Poles, and to give to the suppression of the Polish insurrection the character of a national and religious war undertaken in self-defence, I may simply notice the result of this Government agitation, as shown in the determination of the Russians to maintain their dominion at all hazards over the

Poles. I am convinced, for my part, from all I have seen and heard on the subject in Russia itself, that it is a national resolution, and not simply a resolution on the part of the Government which the people having been ordered to adopt have adopted as a mere matter of form. The Poles find it hard to believe this; and the Polish newspapers, and after them the great majority of the journals published in Western Europe, have often asserted that the addresses of the Russian nobility, as well as those of the very pliable merchants and peasants, were written under dictation, and possessed no more real value than those extorted from the Polish inhabitants of Lithuania and the kingdom. It is as absurd, however, on the part of the Poles to believe that the Russians care nothing for what they have been taught (however falsely) to regard as their legitimate inheritance, as it is on the part of well-educated Russians to question the genuineness of Polish patriotism in respect to the whole of the Poland of 1772, including those Lithuanian and Ruthenian provinces from which the most distinguished men

in the history and literature of modern Poland have proceeded.

It is perfectly natural that Russians who have been taught from their childhood upwards that Lithuania is only another name for Western Russia should feel convinced that such is really the case, and that they should for that reason object to Wilna, its thoroughly Polish capital, falling into the hands of the Poles. Stranger things than that are believed by millions of Russians, and if the Government commanded that in all schools throughout the empire it should be taught that the sun goes round the earth, and if the Censorship systematically condemned the notion that the earth goes round the sun, as an anarchical idea introduced by the Pole Copernicus, could the Russians, as a nation, be blamed for rejecting or ignoring the truth and accepting the error? It is one of the articles of a Russian's political religion that Lithuania is Russian and not Polish land, and it is no more permitted to teach the contrary than to maintain tenets at variance with the creed of the 'orthodox' Church. A discus-

sion on this very point was, it is true, permitted some two years ago in the columns of a Moscow paper, but not until the editor, M. Aksakoff, had met with almost insurmountable difficulties in procuring leave from the Censorship to publish the arguments addressed to him on the part of the Poles. But at present, as formerly, no one wants to know the opinion of the Poles. The State has been declared in danger, and now, as in the days of Nicholas (when the State seems never to have been thought safe) everyone must maintain the orthodox political religion or be silent.

The Russians would, doubtless, have supported their Government under any circumstances, but the official historical education administered for so many years in all the Russian schools has had the effect of making them support it with enthusiasm against the claims of the Poles in Lithuania, or 'Western Russia;' and from the tone of the Russian press, which enjoys just now remarkable freedom (the sort of freedom, however, that is granted to a greyhound engaged in running down a hare, and of which the end can be foreseen), it is easy to perceive that the first wish

of the nation is to subjugate the Poles beyond the possibility of further resistance, and to dispose once and for ever of their pretensions to the so-called 'Western Russia.'

Polish writers are fond of placing the Russians in what at first looks like a very painful dilemma on the subject of Poland, and of telling them that they must choose between liberating the Poles or remaining themselves without freedom. But why should they not remain without freedom, being accustomed to that condition and never having known any other? and how is it possible that they should hesitate between continuing their traditions of domination in Poland under disadvantages which they scarcely feel, and consenting to a dismemberment of their empire on the mere chance that the political condition of Russia Proper might become better after the loss of Poland than it is now?

Even those Russians who formerly were most anxious on the subject of internal reforms seem quite careless about them now, though this carelessness undoubtedly will not last. Then, for the few men who have a sincere dislike to arbitrary

government, something like the dilemma put by the Poles will really exist. They must be prepared either to do without a representative system altogether, or to see Polish deputies elected in all the Polish provinces, where, whatever the mass of the rural population may be, the educated class, as the Russians themselves allow, is composed entirely of Poles. One means of escape alone seems possible, which would consist in giving a preponderance of votes to the newly liberated serfs, in the hope of annulling thereby the influence of their late masters, and also of the professional classes, the shopkeepers, and workmen; and, generally, those who can read and write. 'Patriotism,' or, in other words, the desire to maintain the Russian domination in Poland, has made Russia the most democratic country in the world; and though Mr. Herzen's journal, owing to its attitude on the Polish question, has lost all popularity in Russia, the Russian democratic belief as to the superiority of ignorant peasants over educated proprietors, and the desirability of transferring all political influence from the latter, as the least numerous, to the former,

as the most numerous class, have been fully adopted even by men who understand that such principles would be detrimental to Russia, but who hope at the same time that they may prove fatal to Poland.

'What the small nobility and clergy understand by the Polish nation,' says a Russian writer who discusses the question with fairness, and whose facts are, for the most part, as exact as the conclusions he draws from them are preposterous, 'is, first of all, themselves, and afterwards all classes not belonging to the rural population—that is to say, merchants, writers, artisans, lawyers, functionaries, workmen, proprietors, and even domestic servants. For them, the labourers' [that is to say, the peasants retained in serfdom by the Russian Government until the other day] 'are not the people, *but are at most a variety of Pariahs, having neither rights nor even the faculty of speech.* From this point of view the small nobility regard as Poland not only the country in which the majority of the population is Polish, but also the country in which all the classes above cited are Polish.'

It is evident from this candid and really truthful admission that if Assemblies of any kind are introduced into Lithuania, they must either be Polish Assemblies, or must represent only that class of the community which, to adopt the expression attributed by the Russian writer to the Polish nobility, has not yet 'the faculty of speech.'

But a system placing even such slight political power as is likely to be granted in the hands of grossly ignorant serfs would not satisfy the educated classes of Russia Proper; and to suit, at the same time, the constructive and destructive wants of Russia, a system of representation would have to be devised, giving due weight to the civilising element in the Russian provinces of the empire, while crushing it in the Polish ones. Even then the peasant representatives in Lithuania would in time undergo the influence of their social superiors, as has already happened in Galicia, where, nevertheless, at the first meeting of the Diet, the peasants were thoroughly hostile to the deputies of the nobility, towns, and universities.

However, for the moment it is an interesting and comparatively important question in con-

nection with the provincial Assemblies about to be formed—important, at least, as an indication—whether much or little representative power will be given to the lowest and most ignorant class. Give it much, and the Polish element may perhaps for a short time be kept down in Lithuania; give it but little, and the Assemblies in Lithuania will be thoroughly Polish from the beginning.

If the Russians cared anything like as much for improving their own institutions as for keeping all necessary institutions from the Poles, there would be something like a general understanding among the educated classes of Russia as to the political wants of the empire, such as in fact did seem to exist when the meetings of the nobility took place two years ago, and when everything was pronounced rotten in the State of Russia, and a speedy dissolution of the empire predicted as inevitable unless innumerable abuses were swept away and a Constitution forthwith granted. The great cry now is that no Constitution must be given to the Poles of the Congress kingdom unless it be given at the same time to the whole Russian empire;

and certainly, if anything could produce a bad feeling in Russia between the Government properly so called and the classes corresponding more or less to what are termed 'the governing classes' in better organised States, it would be the concession of exceptional political advantages to the inhabitants of that annex to the Russian empire which, according to Lord Russell, has certain rights guaranteed to it 'by the same instrument to which the Emperor of Russia owes his title of King of Poland.' There is nothing astonishing in this. Russia cannot content the Poles without sooner or later abandoning Poland, and, not wishing to do that, will not give them the means of fortifying themselves, but, on the contrary, is bound by the traditions of previous injustice to keep them in as helpless a position as possible. The protests of Europe on the subject only amuse the Russians, and gratify their pride, because they are able to disregard and ridicule them now after having in the first instance listened to them in the most bitter anger, and then found them to be utterly meaningless.

The most fanatical of the Mouravieff worshippers do not, I believe, say that Poland ought not to

have a Constitution, but they maintain that the kingdom must not and ought not to have any concessions made to it that are not extended to the empire generally. A constitutional kingdom of Poland would, they think, exercise a more dangerous attraction than ever on the Polish provinces. Then, with a separate Constitution, there would be more chance than there is now of the kingdom separating itself entirely from the Russian empire, and becoming the Piedmont of Poland in general. But, above all, the Russians will not hear of rebels having favours granted to them which are denied to faithful subjects. They expect to be rewarded for their addresses of loyalty, and their offers of unconditional support. These offers were made at a time when the Poles, with characteristic ignorance of the Russians, imagined they would endeavour to extort concessions from their Government while it was struggling with a rebellion, and was being threatened—not in earnest, but threatened all the same—by the principal States of Western Europe.

If the Government is generous and feels really grateful, it may in due time concede, on trial,

some distant imitation of the Austrian Constitution. But if it should choose to take a lesson forthwith from the Russian reviewers and journalists—who, after all and in spite of the Censorship, are the only representatives of public opinion that the country possesses—it can profit by the fact that the doctrine of majorities is with nearly all of them a primary article of faith. This was by no means the case before the Polish insurrection broke out, but the destruction of Poland, or at least of all that constitutes the civilisation of the country, is now the foremost wish of all good Russians, and to bring that desirable end about it is absolutely necessary to place the dumb masses of the country above the educated classes—the body above the soul. The Russian Government then, acting in accordance with the views of the habitual representatives of public opinion, and also with those expressed exceptionally and specially by the nobility, merchants, small traders, peasants, postillions, Jews, Calmucks, and other corporations, communes, and tribes, can either declare the supremacy of numerical majorities in all systems of representation to

be a principle equally salutary for Poland and for Russia, or, taking its stand on the wishes of the great bulk of its own subjects, can simply maintain that the country in general wants no political representation at all.

The first step that has now been taken towards the introduction of a constitutional system into Russia will certainly not satisfy even the most moderate of Russian reformers. However constituted, the new assemblies will scarcely have more important functions assigned to them than parochial boards in England; and even then, as there is to be no central assembly, the Russians feel that with provincial distinctions, however slight, new desires for provincial separation may manifest themselves. But what is to be done? A central assembly would be too much like a Parliament to please the Government which knows how impossible it is to limit discussion within precise bounds, and that if opinions be asked on one minor subject they will be expressed on a dozen major ones concerning which the Government has, perhaps, no wish to hear advice. Besides, in an assembly

representing all the Russian empire, with the kingdom of Poland included (and the Constitutionalists and Russians in general will not hear of the kingdom receiving a separate representation of its own), the Polish deputies from the provinces as well as from the kingdom, with their inherited habits of discussion and their superior political training generally, would play a part out of all proportion to their numbers.

These Poles, in fact, are always in the way, and are a source of perpetual trouble. In that, perhaps, lies their best chance of some day getting a portion of their natural rights restored. The Russians have swallowed them, but the Poles have followed Rousseau's advice after the first partition, and have shown themselves very difficult indeed to digest. The Russians do not seem to think of keeping the Poles permanently in a position inferior to their own; that is to say, they do not advocate the continued maintenance of the state of siege; and the most determined Russian patriots say nothing against the extension to Poland of such privileges as may be accorded to the rest of the Russian empire. But here the difficulty occurs.

The feeling between peasants and proprietors is at least as bad in Russia proper as in any part of ancient Poland. In Poland, too, the trading class and all classes, with the exception of the recently liberated serfs, form one as regards sentiment with the nobility, while in Russia the nobility are regarded by all other classes with jealousy. Accordingly, even a very low rate of franchise would not injure the Poles of the Polish provinces so much as it would the educated Russians of the Russian empire.

But the great thing desired is an apparently uniform system which would act in two different and really incompatible ways; and the Russian Government seems bent just now on favouring to some extent the nobility in Russia, and at the same time raising the peasantry above the nobility and all the educated classes in Poland. It will be interesting to see how this double and contradictory system will work, especially in the Russian provinces adjoining the Polish ones incorporated with the Russian empire. Will the peasants of these provinces, for instance, be satisfied to pay half as much again for the redemp-

tion of their land as is paid by their Russo-Polish neighbours? Whether the Lithuanian proprietor will be contented to receive for his land about a ninth part of its real value (30 per cent. on the value as under-estimated by the Government) is not important; but it is really important not to cause discontent among any portion of the peasantry of the empire.

In short, the Government would settle the peasant question greatly to the advantage of the peasants on the right bank of the Dnieper, and much less to their advantage on the left. It would, in a small way, give a certain proportion of influence to the educated classes in Russia, while denying it altogether to those in Poland. Finally, it would Russianise the peasantry of the Polish provinces, so as to separate them as much as possible from those whose natural and constant influence would it is thought, elevate them gradually to the moral position of the inhabitants of the Polish towns; and it would do this while it leaves the peasantry of Russia Proper in a state of the most deplorable ignorance. To kill two birds with one stone is nothing. The Russian patriots would with the

same stone kill one bird and raise up another. The former of these aims, however, is looked upon as by far the most important for the Russian State—which it is felt will never be quite out of danger until all that now constitutes civilisation in Poland is destroyed.

THE END.

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